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THE MONTH

NOVEMBER 1950

SECOND THOUGHTS ON "NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR"

GEOFFREY ASHE

THE DEVELOPMENT OF DOCTRINE

ALEXANDRE DURAND

ROBERT SOUTHWELL AND CONTEMPORARY POETS—II

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News about Books

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IT would probably surprise many people to learn that one of the best-selling books in our list is a collection of poems entitled A SHROPSHIRE LAD by the late Professor A. E. Housman, first published 54 years ago, for which the demand remains continuous. There is also its successor, LAST POEMS, published in 1922. Both these are always available in their original format at 5s. A SHROPSHIRE LAD is also published in a pocket edition, in leather, at the same price. Other books of verse in our list are FLECKER'S POEMS (5s.), THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ERNEST DOWSON (6s.), and THE SONNETS OF LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS in a pocket edition (2s. 6d.)

WE would respectfully remind our readers of three publications last month. OSCAR WILDE: A SUMMING UP (12s. 6d.) by Lord Alfred Douglas, THE PRETTY LADY (9s. 6d.) by Arnold Bennett, and YOUNG PETER QUEST (10s. 6d.) by Lancelot Oliphant, a first novel.

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ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL

SECOND THOUGHTS ON *NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR*

By

GEOFFREY ASHE

THE late George Orwell is no longer a theme for obituaries. His untimely death drew many deserved tributes, among which one remembers especially Mr. T. R. Fyvel's moving and sympathetic memoir, and a pregnant note by Earl Russell. But now the man recedes, and the work remains, a rich field for the student of modern literature; and it is evident already that a good deal has been left unsaid. Orwell was a politically conscious person, and much of his best writing was done in the company and under the influence of people who made politics their leading concern. He was judged from that point of view, and, necessarily, something escaped. Few critics penetrated the heart of his last novel. The reason was that most of them treated it as primarily a political book; whereas its politics were quite incidental. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is a horror story. As such, it ranks among the world's greatest.

Dorothy Sayers, in the introduction to one of her anthologies, remarked on the change which the horror story has undergone in the last hundred years. Conventional cruelties and hauntings are at a discount; the modern writer locates the horror in the mind, and so achieves far more terrible effects than his predecessors. The remote prototype of all modern horror stories is *Macbeth*, a tragedy of diseased imagination and rationalized conscience. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is more intellectual. It is a relentless exposure of the Left Wing "progressive" philosophy and its potential subversion of human thought. There are flaws in the structure, because the author cannot break with his own past and fully realize what he is saying. Yet so irresistible is his essential honesty that he says all that needs saying—whether he grasps its implications or not.

To concentrate on this philosophical aspect of Orwell's work

can only serve to enhance his reputation. The mere plot of the book is slender, and not particularly well managed. One palpable device, the free quotation of a diary kept by the hero, is made to look as natural as possible; but the naturalness is never convincing, and the excerpts become a bore. The reader may be reminded of the bunglings of Aldous Huxley, and, whether he is or not, he inevitably thinks of Huxley as the story unfolds. Not that Orwell's future civilization, the civilization of "the Party," bears much resemblance to the Huxleyan Brave New World. The conception of progress as a progress toward tyranny is the same. But Orwell's further belief, that progress will not even deliver the material goods it promises, is alien to the scientific mind of the earlier novelist, and there are places in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* where one suspects a deliberate contrast. In the elucidation of the central idea, such passages must be reckoned with.

There is the awful shoddiness, the ghastly technical incompetence, of the new life.

> One's heart sickened at the discomfort and dirt and scarcity, the interminable winters, the stickiness of one's socks, the lifts that never worked, the cold water, the gritty soap, the cigarettes that came to pieces, the food with its strange evil tastes.

There is the Victory Gin lavishly dispensed by the State; a poor substitute for the marvellous "soma" which Huxley's characters devoured in forlorn moods.

> It gave off a sickly, oily smell, as of Chinese rice-spirit. . . . The stuff was like nitric acid, and moreover, in swallowing it one had the sensation of being hit on the back of the head with a rubber club.

There is the cinematically-inspired ritual of the Two Minutes Hate. (Compare the joyous cult of Our Ford.)

> Within thirty seconds any pretence was always unnecessary. A hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, to torture, to smash faces in with a sledge hammer, seemed to flow through the whole group of people like an electric current.

And, above all, there is the deliberate warping and poisoning of human emotions, the deliberate destruction of pleasure—in one respect particularly.

> She had grasped the inner meaning of the Party's sexual puritanism. It was not merely that the sex instinct created a world of its own which was outside the Party's control and which therefore had to be destroyed if possible. What was more important was that sexual privation induced hysteria, which was desirable because it could be transformed into war-fever and leader-worship.

We are certainly a long way from the hedonistic World State of Huxley, with its sedulous encouragement of a demoralizing free love. Several reviewers, who reproached Orwell with trying to do something that had already been done better, missed the mark badly. The challenge of *Brave New World* was this: Imagine all the goals of what is called "progress" amply and victoriously achieved—what would the result be like? Orwell did not attempt to face that challenge. He always assumed that the material goals of progress actually were desirable, and that abundance, liberty, and equality were natural partners. His question in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is this: Does the ideology of progress, as understood by the contemporary Left, tend to promote progress? Is not the fashionable "progressive," at best, an inversion of Mephistopheles —a being who ever wills the good and ever works the bad? Evidently the purpose of his book is dissimilar.

A survey of the chief elements in the story may help to put it in what I conceive to be its proper perspective. Winston Smith, Orwell's hero, is a civil servant aged thirty-nine, prematurely old, and suffering from various ailments. These ailments appear at first to be due to prolonged malnutrition—he grew up during the Revolution—but they are, in fact, nervous, and fade away when Winston is happy. He belongs to the now-omnipotent Party, but only as a small functionary, so that his life at the Ministry of Truth is a continuous round of duty without privilege. It is not even a sociable life; everybody in his office suspects everybody else of being a spy, and the turnover in staff is bewilderingly rapid, because so many officials are arrested for treason. Winston's task at the Ministry is constant revision of the past, an activity of which the Party is very proud. If things turn out other than the dictator predicted; if a ration has to be reduced; if a prominent Party man falls from grace—in all such contingencies, every old newspaper and other record must be changed so as to wipe out the evidence. Any inquisitive person consulting back numbers of *The Times* will not find the dictator's blunder, nor

will he find the true figure for the old ration, nor will he find any tributes, or even references, to the fallen official. The incriminating back numbers will all have been replaced by suitably revised texts prepared by Winston and his colleagues. The effect of this process, combined with the rigid censorship, the suppression of tradition, the abolition of reliable reference books, and even the re-naming of streets, is to atrophy the sense of time. The citizens of Airstrip One (*videlicet* England) inhabit "an endless present in which the Party is always right"; and they really think so. Their memories genuinely change when the State demands it.

A zealous Party member, who sees more of the game of government than the masses do, has to learn what is called Doublethink, meaning, essentially, the capacity to dispense with the law of contradiction: "to know and not to know, to be conscious of complete truthfulness while telling carefully-constructed lies, to hold simultaneously two opinions which cancel out, knowing them to be contradictory and believing in both of them; to use logic against logic, to repudiate morality while laying claim to it, to believe that democracy is impossible and that the Party is the guardian of democracy" . . . and so forth. Correct habits of thoughts are fostered by the use, for official memoranda and correspondence, of a restricted language known as Newspeak, which has something of Basic English about it and something of Chinese, and tends in practice to look like a list of telegraphic addresses. "Oldthinkers unbellyfeel Ingsoc" (from a *Times* leading article) is a specimen Newspeak sentence. It means, roughly, "Those whose ideas were formed before the Revolution cannot have a full emotional understanding of the principles of English Socialism." Newspeak contains hardly any of the larger abstractions—words such as "iustice," "religion," "science," are untranslatable—and the terms that do exist are defined with great exactitude, so that doubt, speculation, discussion, and, above all, political heresy, can never arise when Newspeak is the vehicle of expression. The Party hopes, by 2050 or thereabouts, to make Newspeak the habitual language of the people.

Naturally, in view of his job, Winston has become abnormally conscious of the intellectual fog in which mankind is enveloped, and he is also exceptionally aware of his own ignorance. He

knows that the world is divided among three very similar communistic empires, Eurasia, Eastasia, and Oceania—the latter including America and England, ruled by a semi-mythical dictator called Big Brother. No contact with foreigners is permitted; Eastasia and Oceania are at war—or supposed to be at war—with Eurasia; but Winston, whose memory has not yet submitted to the iron discipline the Party requires, cannot dismiss the recollection that it was once otherwise, and that in 1981 Eastasia was the enemy. The fear and frustration in which he lives, the continual shifting of mental landmarks as the Party Line alters, the inescapable espionage of the Thought Police, unite to colour all his experiences with a tinge of nightmare which the Party's keener servants escape.

Winston's state of mind is evoked rather laboriously. Of course, he dares not confide in anyone else, since anyone may be an informer. An important feature of his condition is the recurrence of dreams which turn out to anticipate events. Orwell appears to have allowed himself this touch of the preternatural in order to emphasize the hideous timelessness of the new life, the rupture of the sequence in things which has always, at the worst moments in the past, made room for the reflection "This too shall pass away."

Winston decides that he detests the regime, and indulges in fantasies of a rising by the "proles." He clings to this hope without the least rational ground for doing so. The working class, despised by good Party men, and condemned to everlasting filth and hard labour, has grown abject in soul as well as body. The proles enjoy comparative liberty—because they are not dangerous. They have freedom of intellect—because they have no intellect. They are allowed private rooms, double beds, genuine friendships, mutually trustful families—because no possible combination of loyalties among them could stir up anything, even a riot, against the falsehoods and armaments of the Party. The victory over the poor, which generations of capitalists failed to win, has been won at last by the chiefs of the proletarian revolution.

Nevertheless, Winston cherishes his faith in the workers, and recalls with relish a demonstration of popular anger during a sale of saucepans where there were too few to go round.

While he is suffering from particularly violent fits of resent-

ment, he wanders into a furtive love affair with a girl named Julia, who also loathes the regime. The two of them plan to join the Brotherhood, the rumoured underground organization that is continually being named at the treason trials. In this aim they are aided by O'Brien, a wealthy bureaucrat of the Inner Party, who invites them to his flat and confides that he is secretly assisting the Brotherhood. He gives them, for their enlightenment, a book containing the truth about recent history. Much of the book is reproduced in the text (again Orwell's machinery creaks). Winston, retiring perilously often to a hired room with Julia, reads here and there in it, but although he understands How, he cannot understand Why—why the abominable system perpetuates itself, why the Party members endure terror and deprivation and drudgery in order to maintain such a fabric. His glimpse of happiness, his sense of liberty in his own thoughts, his hopes of social regeneration through the Brotherhood, cause him to align his hitherto disorderly stock of ideas into a rough replica of the ancient Marxian pattern. The dream of working-class solidarity expands and expands, till, at length, Winston recaptures for a brief instant the resplendent vision of the first Socialists.

> The proles were immortal. . . . All round the world, in London and New York, in Africa and Brazil and in the mysterious, forbidden lands beyond the frontiers, in the streets of Paris and Berlin, in the villages of the endless Russian plain, in the bazaars of China and Japan—everywhere stood the same solid unconquerable figure, made monstrous by work and childbearing, toiling from birth to death and still singing. Out of those mighty loins a race of conscious beings must one day come.

At this moment the inevitable blow falls. Winston and Julia are arrested together, and marched off to the windowless pyramid of torture-chambers officially described as the Ministry of Love.

Here occurs the climactic episode, in which the masks are removed, and Winston finally comprehends the world he is living in. O'Brien (who, of course, posed as a rebel only in order to betray him) undertakes, with inquisitorial zeal, the re-education of the victim. In this passage most critics missed the point. It is ingenious and thought-provoking. Yet to sum up the underlying process in the mind of the author is curiously difficult, because the memorable ghastliness of the episode springs from his own unresolved bewilderment. Having travelled for years

along a certain channel of thought, he has found it to be, after all, a closed channel; he has found that life does not make sense by the rules he knows. The discovery shocks and hurts him. But in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* he has not passed, or so much as begun to pass, from this ugly confusion to any new sort of order.

The conflict between the prisoner and the inquisitor is not a conflict between reason and unreason, or between freedom and authority, or between individual and State. It is a conflict between a muddled progressive and a logical one; a conflict in which both seem to be wrong. Winston feels that he is sane and O'Brien is insane, yet in every argument he is routed; and this happens because O'Brien, the Inner Party fanatic, exemplifies Chesterton's definition of a madman—he is a man who has lost everything except his reason. Winston, having grown up with the Revolution, is an empiricist and a pragmatist like most modern men. His thinking is altogether unmetaphysical; he has no ideals except the ideals of security and pleasure which Utilitarianism has stamped on the human soul. However, as we saw, he still has hazy aspirations after liberty and equality, which he connects vaguely with what he supposes to be common sense. He regards the Party regime as a gross violation of human rights, and the alleged control of the past as an outrage against truth and logic.

O'Brien rips away all his pretences. First, he proves that on Winston's own axioms the Party is omnipotent. It can really change the past, for instance. Where does the past exist? In records and memories, nowhere else. Change the records and memories, therefore, and the past will be changed. On empirical assumptions there is no answer; and Winston finds none. The practical difficulty of tampering with memories is not insurmountable. Certain types of amnesia suggest clues to a method. Similarly, by applying discoveries in psychology, the Party can make two and two equal to five. If, when somebody holds up two fingers beside two fingers, everybody present sees five fingers, does not this mean that there *are* five fingers? For a truly logical empiricist, the appeal to experience is decisive. In what other sense can the fingers be either "five" or "four"? The Ministry of Truth, O'Brien implies, is not inaccurately named, because the Party's lies are not lies; the Party *makes* truth, by casting a spell of mass suggestion over its members and subjects. Winston tries to retort by invoking the vast size of the universe

the abysms of space and time in which the Party is dwarfed. O'Brien crushes him by reviving the wildest bigotries of clerical obscurantism. On Winston's assumptions they are quite irrefutable.

> "But the rocks are full of the bones of extinct animals—mammoths and mastodons and enormous reptiles which lived here long before man was ever heard of."
>
> "Have you ever seen those bones, Winston? Of course not. Nineteenth-century biologists invented them. Before man, there was nothing. After man, if he could come to an end, there will be nothing. Outside man there is nothing."
>
> "But the whole universe is outside us. Look at the stars! Some of them are a million light years away. They are out of our reach for ever."
>
> "What are the stars?" said O'Brien indifferently. "They are bits of fire a few kilometres away. We could reach them if we wanted to. Or we could blot them out. The earth is the centre of the universe. The sun and the stars go round it. . . . Do you suppose it is beyond us to produce a dual system of astronomy?"

Next, there is the problem of values. Winston, it will be remembered, does not grasp the Why of the new society—the guiding principle which can keep so horrible a contraption running. O'Brien answers him in plain terms. Do the rulers maintain their tyranny for the benefit of the people they rule? Do they see themselves as benevolent despots, doing evil that good may come? No. Among the initiates of the Inner Party, there are no such ideals left. God, truth, beauty, goodness, even pleasure—all have gone. In the heart of that autocracy, which manufactures its own truth, abuses reason for its own ends, and improvises its principles from day to day, only one solitary constant abides. It is the will, the will to power. Power for the sake of power, persecution for the sake of persecution, torture for the sake of torture—since only by making a man suffer can you be sure that you are asserting your own will and not merely doing his. The world the Party is building will be "the exact opposite of the stupid hedonistic Utopias that the old reformers imagined." Those Utopias faded when it became evident that the Revolution, with its attendant wars and stultifications, would never bring the age of abundance, and in 1984 the rulers do not even desire abundance, because the release of the populace from

the burden of shortages and an endless state of emergency would endanger the edifice of power. Progress henceforth will be progress towards more pain, towards the eradication of all emotions except fear, rage, triumph, and self-abasement. At last there will be no art, no literature, no science; no loves, no loyalties, no delights—only the intoxication of power and cruelty. The enemies of the Party will always be there to trample on. They will be broken, humiliated, bullied into abject conformity. And their confessions will be true, for the past will be altered to make them so. "If you want a picture of the future," says O'Brien, "imagine a boot stamping on a human face—for ever."

It is interesting to find Orwell's suggestion—that power is the real temptation in the modern world—advanced by Evelyn Waugh also, in his preface to Merton's *Elected Silence*. Orwell chose to present this nightmare of his as the true end of relativistic ethics, and of the Marxist scorn for morality as a significant factor in human life. In various essays published during previous years, he had upheld, against Marxism, the idea of an absolute code of conduct, and expressed the view (as in his clever study of vulgar postcards) that the masses were essentially "good." Afterwards, observing the sales of *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, he had yielded (understandably) to pessimism, and begun to say that the intellectuals had succeeded in corrupting the populace. But, though a Socialist, he steadily opposed Socialist orthodoxy in this matter, by affirming that the common-sense morality of the people was a static thing rooted in the Christian religion—and even in Toryism. Speaking of *Raffles*, he remarked on the usefulness of sheer snobbery as a preservative of the decencies. In *Coming Up For Air*, a novel spun misguidedly out of the material for a long-short story, he contrasted a mushroom town with the decent and conservative village that had stood there before, when the twentieth century attacked the countryside. Certainly he never approved of the mechanized modern onslaught on traditional standards, even though it was supported and often officered by men of the Left; and he regarded what may be called the *New Statesman* ethic—evolutionist, calculating, technocratic—as a blighting evil. At the end of that path stood the inquisitor O'Brien.

Yet Orwell found himself unable to build his world upon moral absolutes. On the question whether ideals, however

eternal, can exert any decisive influence on society, he wavered and compromised, and remained half a Marxist. He objected, for instance, to the preaching of goodwill by Dickens, and to the novelist's implication that if only men had acted with more benevolence there would have been no French revolution and no English exploitation. Dickens, he thought, with all his radical talk, was blind to the need for structural changes and the remodelling of institutions. On the other hand, in the fable *Animal Farm*, morality does seem to be the governing factor. There is never any suggestion that the animals are actually incapable of living justly and happily. Quite the reverse: the expulsion of the farmer has placed all the means at their disposal. Their frustrations are blamed entirely on the villainy of the pigs and the servility of the sheep. Seemingly Orwell thought that in feudal or capitalist society the private will was strangled and ineffective, but that under true Socialism, the checks being removed, it could make or mar.

The trouble with the real world, however, is that the people who are visibly changing it are anti-moral themselves, so that any new order they create, after the revolution, will also be anti-moral—and soon far from Socialist. Hence Orwell's belief in an advancing doom and a Nietzschean millennium. Watching the intrigues and acrobatics of Stalin's followers, he judged that they and their kind would one day triumph, but that no constant purpose would be left them except the sheer exercise of power. Morality, if his conclusion is correct, will never get its chance. Until the revolution, capitalism will preserve an irreducible mass of evil. After it, the old ideals that capitalism also preserves will be labelled "reactionary" and deprived of expression. No synthesis will be achieved or even desired. Man will be sacrificed to the war of the future with the past.

Analysis, however, cannot convey Orwell's horrified amazement at the mystery of iniquity. He, like Winston Smith, saw How but not Why. In a late article in *Tribune*, he lamented the contrast between the utopian potentialities of modern technique and the murderous preoccupations that forbid their development. He speculated then about the possible existence of some deep-seated psychological sickness; that was as near as he ever came to original sin. His self-torturing in the inquisition scene is unmerciful. O'Brien, the logical "progressive," is a hard satanic figure

who knows within an inch where he stands; Winston-Orwell, in O'Brien's tormenting grip, can only oppose him with puny arguments that break at a touch. O'Brien's ideal is frightful; it is against all normal instincts and aspirations; but there is no reason in Orwell's cosmos or Winston's why it should not prevail, and prevail for ever.

This is strictly true. There is no reason. What grounds has Winston for believing in his cause? Has he a cause? Is there any threat to the Party anywhere? O'Brien drives him from defiant asseverations to the lame admission that he knows of no power in the universe capable of defeating it; and since he has no religion and no metaphysics, the admission is inevitable. What is Winston himself? Does he fancy himself morally superior? O'Brien plays over a record of their conversation when Winston asked to be enrolled in the Brotherhood—a conversation in which he promised to forge, to murder, to peddle drugs, to throw acid in the faces of children, if the Brotherhood ordered. Does he really care for the proles? No, his attitude is purely opportunist; he thinks of them as means to an end, the overthrow of the Party. Looking back over the past, he is forced to recall how often he himself has surrendered to the general brutalization of humanity. When he feared that Julia was a spy, he contemplated smashing her skull. When political nausea overwhelmed him, he wished he could infect the entire Party with leprosy or syphilis. He lacks, then, even the comfort of remembering a worthy rebellion.

After this magnificent dialogue, the rest of the book is anti-climax—intentionally so, since the regime takes care to make no martyrs. When the last spark of revolt, Winston's loyalty to Julia, has been crushed out in the dreadful Room 101, he is turned loose and allowed to drink himself into degradation in a sinecure job. The victory over self is won. He is virtuous and obedient. He loves Big Brother.

Such is *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. If Orwell had fully grasped the significance of his own conceptions, the book might have been perfect; but unfortunately he did not. An old-fashioned Socialist to the last, he persisted in the belief that the authoritarian version of Socialism is associated with subjectivity, with unreason, with the loss of the empirical habit of thought; being, in fact, a perversion. In the imaginary history primer of the Brotherhood, the point is made explicitly (p. 194). But the devastating arguments

of O'Brien are empirical arguments. He simply pushes the principles of materialistic Socialism a little further. Let me illustrate what I mean. One familiar dogma of Socialists is that human nature can be changed without limit—that man is infinitely malleable. It is "mysticism" to believe in souls or instincts. Precisely, says O'Brien (p. 270), and therefore the Party can mould its subjects into complete servitude of body and mind. There is no reason why the oppressed should ever rise. Again, Marxians and empiricists appeal to the senses, like Bacon, in order to sweep away what they regard as the reactionary superstition of metaphysics. But when that is done, two and two need no longer equal four.[1] The eternal truth that they do equal four is an abstract truth, not an empirical truth, and there is nothing contradictory in the idea of a universe where two juxtaposed pairs of objects would always be perceived as a set of five. If abstraction were ruled out, a well-equipped autocracy could doubtless learn to make two and two equal to various totals by controlling the processes underlying vision. Winston Smith is forced to submit to such a technique. Similarly on empirical assumptions, O'Brien's proof that the past can be changed is valid. The past exists only in alterable records and mutable memories. "A little water clears us of this deed," as Lady Macbeth put it. As for morality, no sanctions remain at all, whether for the humanism of the Left or for any other fixed ethic. The real empiricist can believe anything and justify anything. At one phase of the discussion, O'Brien asserts that Winston does not exist, and Winston gives up arguing. "He knew, or could imagine, the arguments which proved his own non-existence." Naturally. David Hume, who saw long ago where empiricism led, has already stated them.

O'Brien is a progressive who has progressed all the way. He really lives by the philosophical lights of the Left, in that evolving flux where nothing abides but activity. O'Brien is logical; Winston is not logical. But Orwell cannot see this. He persists in treating the philosophy of the Party as a kind of immense quibble maintained for selfish ends, like theology in the eyes of eighteenth-century French deists and atheists. He takes a grim pleasure in

[1] Curiously enough, H. G. Wells saw this. His early essay *The Rediscovery of the Unique*, which he valued highly enough to reprint, is a most acute piece of analysis, and it seems a pity that Frank Harris discouraged him from following it up.

proving the unassailability of O'Brien's position. But he overlooks the fact that O'Brien's empirically conducted defence refutes his own attempt to fix the blame for the tyranny on a decline in the empirical habit of thought.

That Orwell never thoroughly fathomed his own creation is proved, I should say, by his ingenious but doubtfully compatible notions of Newspeak and Doublethink. The reformed English of Oceanic officialdom contains very few words, and is dehydrated and systematized so as to be completely unambiguous and narrowly circumscribed in meaning. The result intended is that ideological orthodoxy shall become a feature of the mental process as such. For instance, "All men are equal" is, in Newspeak, grammatically correct but demonstrably false, like "All men are red-haired"; the Newspeak word "equal" refers only to physical measurements. The sentence "Big Brother is doubleplusungood"—i.e. very bad—is not an intelligible expression of political heresy, but a piece of nonsense, because "good" means only "conformable to Big Brother's will." "Big Brother is doubleplusungood" would mean "Big Brother desires what Big Brother does not desire." A dangerous thought can never become explicit.

Now this is all very well, and the appendix in which the scheme is outlined is one of the best parts of the book. But even while the Party officials are using their repulsive jargon, they are also earnestly cultivating Doublethink and learning to dispense with coherent logic. They train themselves in "crimestop," the art of intellectual restraint. "It includes the power of not grasping analogies, of failing to perceive logical errors, of misunderstanding the simplest arguments. . . . It is only by reconciling contradictions that power can be retained indefinitely." Under these circumstances one would suppose that the transformation of heresy into absurdity must be largely cancelled by the fact that the potential heretics are trained to swallow absurdity. To take a concrete example: "Big Brother is doubleplusungood" might, in the demonology of the Party, be taken to mean "Big Brother desires the triumph of Goldstein" (the arch-traitor and master-conspirator). I do not see that the second sentence is, or could be, inherently unacceptable. Everybody except Big Brother is liable to be accused of this very crime, and the notion that Big Brother himself is a traitor to the rest of the Party is not

so glaring a contradiction as many others which the true Doublethinker is prepared to admit. I do not deny that a person schooled in "crimestop" would easily exclude such thoughts from his mind. The point is that in the mental atmosphere of the Party, no mere manipulation of logic and language would create any real barriers to them.

Some readers have speculated, in view of the miserable impasse into which Orwell as a Socialist at last reasoned himself, whether he might not later have undergone a conversion. This is possible, course, but it does not seem likely. One can just picture him, perhaps, embracing some austere form of Buddhism. But the mysticism of Huxley would have made no appeal; and as for institutional Christianity, the Moses episodes in *Animal Farm*, and the sneers at Chesterton and Greene, indicate that that door was (humanly speaking) closed. Orwell complains in one of his essays about the "smelly little orthodoxies" that contend for our souls. Probably, in his eyes, Catholicism ranked as a smelly little orthodoxy. But they say, after all, that there is an odour of sanctity.

One notion which certainly needs to be dismissed is that he was broad-minded. He was tolerant, of course; but his incapacity for really appreciating any other point of view than the materialist-utopian was profound. When he wrote "There is absolutely no reason for optimism," he meant "The prospects for a materialist utopia are bad"; it hardly even occurred to him that the word "optimism" can have other applications. When he wrote "Few thinking people now believe in life after death," he meant "Few people who have renounced religion believe in life after death," and failed to see that he was begging the question. He makes an illuminating remark in *The Lion and the Unicorn* about war journalism:

> Nothing was more desolating at the beginning of this war than the way in which the whole of the older generation conspired to pretend that it was the war of 1914–18 over again. All the old duds were back on the job, twenty years older, with the skull plainer in their faces. Ian Hay was cheering up the troops, Belloc was writing articles on strategy, Maurois doing broadcasts, Bairnsfather drawing cartoons.

To call Belloc and Maurois "old duds" is both offensive and silly. The phrase can only be defended in terms of a very narrow philosophy—the philosophy that vitiates Orwell's essay on Boys'

Weeklies, possibly the most brilliant piece of ineptitude in recent English criticism.

The fact is that Orwell fell in his youth under the influence of Wells (he says airily that all "thinking people" did), and never recovered. The key to his books, indeed, is to be found in a short essay entitled "Wells, Hitler and the World State":

> All sensible men for decades past have been substantially in agreement with what Mr. Wells says; but the sensible men have no power and, in too many cases, no disposition to sacrifice themselves. . . . For the common-sense, essentially hedonistic world-view which Mr. Wells puts forward, hardly a human creature is willing to shed a pint of blood.

There you have the man entire: a fanaticism so extreme as to be practically unconscious—coupled with a clear-sighted honesty which forces the admission that the world, however insanely, is against him. It is a rare mixture. But this same spirit pervades most of his literary output. In *Burmese Days*, for example, there is the deliberate rejection of the Socialist mythos of colonial life. The villain is a native; the other principal native character is a staunch imperialist; the disillusioned Englishman who revolts against the Sahib outlook is a wretched creature whose personal tragedy leaves one almost unmoved. Not merely is the situation atrocious, it shows no tendency toward a solution. Again, there are the books of social and political reporting—*The Road to Wigan Pier*, with its scathing attack on the Labour Party, and *Homage to Catalonia*, with its unpalatable revelations of the Spanish Republic. Always that test by an exact standard regarded as self-evident, and always the confession that the standard has no relation whatever to facts as they are.

Orwell's rigidity was his strength and his bane. Most people on the Left keep their spirits up by continually revising their conception of Socialism, so as to ensure that the world is always moving towards it but never getting there. No matter what happens in the Soviet Union or elsewhere, no matter how different the reality may be from the prognostications of Marx or Morris or Shaw or Keir Hardie, it must always be possible to say: "Yes, of course things are bad now, but when we've got real Socialism it will be different—and we're gaining ground all the time." Orwell never deluded himself with that Sisyphean

satisfaction. He refused to change his own conception of Socialism, and he refused to pretend that it was being realized. The vision of an equalitarian age of plenty is nowadays an almost forgotten dream, but he stayed true to it. Orwell's honourable constancy was his supreme public virtue; and because human beings at last appeared to him neither honourable nor constant nor even sane, he gave way to uncomprehending gloom, and wrote the epilogue to his sadly short career in a fantasy of haunting and scarcely paralleled horror.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF DOCTRINE

By

ALEXANDRE DURAND

THE development of doctrine is an unquestionable fact of the Church's history. It is attested both by the Church which guarantees its legitimacy and by her opponents who denounce it as treason to Scripture. The history of the great Councils from Nicea (325) to the Vatican (1870) shows a continuous and often laborious hammering-out of new dogmatic formulas which the Church of the Apostles neither possessed nor was capable of framing. St. Peter would have been at a loss to answer, if he had been asked how many sacraments there were and whether their efficacy was *ex opere operato*, or if he had been questioned about the relations of Church and State and the infallibility of the Pope. To suppose anything else is to invoke the fantastic and the miraculous under the mistaken conviction that they are necessary for the support of the Church's teaching.

The Catholic theologian, then, is not concerned to question

the fact of the development of doctrine or its legitimacy. These are the data of his problem. His task is rather that of understanding this legitimacy, of seeing how it is that the proliferation of particular dogmas adds nothing to the substance of Dogma, that is, of the revelation possessed by the Church from the beginning. The problem may be put in another way by asking how the faith of the Church has remained the same down the centuries, how it is that the Church of the Apostles possessed the mystery of Christ no less integrally and fully than we do after centuries of reflection and formulation. It is a further question, though inseparable from the first, whether and in what way the development of teaching that the Church has experienced in her long life can be called a real progress or a deeper appreciation of the one revelation that has all along remained substantially the same.

It is immediately apparent, when the question is put in these terms, that the fundamental ideas which need clarification before any attempt at answering the question can be made, are those of Revelation and Tradition.

Revelation cannot be fully understood, if it is regarded merely as a series of propositions or theses formally enunciated and expressly taught by Jesus Christ. If it were no more than that, it is exceedingly difficult to see how any development of doctrine would be possible, which did not at the same time constitute a new revelation, adding to that deposit of faith which we know to have been completed in apostolic times.

No, Revelation is more than a *corpus doctrinae*. Its primary subject is Jesus Christ Himself, His person, His work, the whole mystery of God's dealings with man unfolded in Christ—a word of God not now spoken through the prophets and in other ways, but a Word made flesh, a Son. Revelation comprises all that Christ is, all that He said, all that He did, all that He inaugurated, all that He inspired either directly or through His Spirit. In short, Revelation is Jesus Christ in His mystery handed over wholly to the apostles and by them, as God's appointed witnesses, handed on to us. Considered thus in its full richness Revelation can be seen to go far beyond (and far beneath) what Christ said or taught or spoke. Or, if one clings to the notion that Revelation is primarily what Christ taught about Himself, then one must recognize that there are many ways of teaching and expressing truth. In His Son, too, God spoke in various ways. Jesus Christ

taught by word of mouth, as when He preached the sermon on the mount; He taught by His example, by His gestures, by His conduct, by His life, by everything that helps us to know Him for what He is. Moreover, He spoke to the hearts of the apostles by the interior inspiration of His Spirit, guiding them both before and after Pentecost to interpret Him aright. For Him it is all one to speak externally in words or by the direct inspiration of grace, as it is all one for Him to convey His will by open commandment or to procure it by the inner movement of His Spirit.

Christ has never ceased to continue His teaching of the Church by the guidance and inspiration of the Holy Spirit. "The Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send on my account, will in his turn make everything plain, and recall to your minds everything I have said to you" (John xiv. 25). But the promise of His Spirit, which John records for us, cannot be dissociated from that guarantee of *His own* authority which the last verses of Matthew narrate. He would be with the Church all days, by the power and presence of the Holy Spirit. But it is precisely to the Church as hierarchic, to the apostles and the bishops the successors, as perpetuating the authority and role of Christ Himself, that the gift and the guarantee is given. The power of the Church in all ages to understand and to express the deep reality of Christ is identical with the principle of authority that dwells and reigns in her.

Revelation, then, is identical with the consciousness of the hierarchic Church, with the knowledge the Church has of Christ, expressed in the whole texture of her life. It is not difficult to see that Tradition, too, if it is taken in its most profound sense, has much the same meaning as Revelation. The two terms cover and express the same reality—the Church's lived experience of Christ. "Christian teaching," writes Père D'Alès, "is, in the strict sense of the term, a tradition. Leaving aside the distinctions one can quite usefully introduce between God's word taught by Scripture and by an oral tradition commenting on and, where need arises, completing Scripture, we must here understand Tradition in its fullest sense as the totality of the teaching 'handed on' (*traditum*) by Christ to His Church." Like Revelation, Tradition is identical with the consciousness of the hierarchic Church. One need not, indeed one cannot plausibly, affirm that the two terms mean just the same. But it is only necessary to free both from their conceptual associations to see that in their designation

of a single reality they are not in fact wholly separable. By "revelation" we principally emphasize that the single and complex mystery of Christ is *handed over* to us in the life of the Church; by "tradition" we call attention to the fact that it is in the living consciousness of the Church that divine truth is handed down to us, is *handed on*.

Thus Tradition, in its full sense, encompasses and goes far beyond both written and oral teaching. The living consciousness of the Church, finding authoritative expression through apostles and bishops, gives rise both to Scripture and to all other manifestations of that consciousness, whether they be the formulas of an oral catechesis or the customs of liturgy, of Church order or of conduct in general. Before Scripture can be for the believer a source of Revelation or an expression of his faith it must first be a product of that Revelation and of the faith of the Church: it is a certain crystallization in written form of the revealed deposit. Scripture does not, indeed it could not, enclose fully and capture the whole of Revelation. The words spoken by Our Lord and those written by His followers under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit are incomparably more fitted to express and to direct our attention to the mystery of Christ than the words of any other; but they are still words; they are still only an inadequate conceptual formulation of a divine truth which inevitably escapes and overflows them. It follows at once that the whole of dogma, the whole of the living mystery of Christ can never be made to rest solely on the sacred texts. No book and no series of formulas could show forth that mystery in its entirety. "There is much else besides that Jesus did; if all of it were put in writing, I do not think the world itself would contain the books which would have to be written" (John xxi. 25). Tradition is the source of Scripture and even over the truths which Scripture teaches Tradition has a power and a competence of its own. It is evident, therefore, that a mere oral tradition, comprising distinct propositions and theses, cannot serve to fill what may be called the gap between the presentation of Catholic doctrine recorded in Scripture and that which might be put together from the works of modern theologians. Any such explanation of the development of doctrine would deny that real progress had taken place.

Theologians have at times veered towards another explanation which proves on examination to be no more satisfactory. The

development of doctrine has been described as a progress from *implicit* to *explicit* knowledge of the truths of faith in such a way that the multiplication and elaboration of dogmatic formulas becomes equated with a merely logical analysis or deduction. A particular truth, a matter of detail perhaps, is said to be contained virtually in a more general and synthetic truth; one has only to submit the latter to a rigorous analysis in order to lay bare, at the end of this logical process, all its component and previously latent truths. Thus, the growing acceptance of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is explained by showing how all along the attribution to Our Lady of the title "full of grace" had implied that she was without sin of any kind, and therefore free from original sin. If this explanation is interpreted strictly, it is logic alone that guarantees the truth and the legitimacy of the conclusion. The development of doctrine is analytical in character.

Such a theory, however, is powerless to explain the growth of much of the Church's teaching. The formulation, in the twelfth century, of the dogma of Seven Sacraments, later defined at Trent, can be explained neither by recourse to an oral tradition (latent for centuries and suddenly unveiled by Peter Lombard), nor by an effort of logical analysis, but only by the reflection of the Church on her own long-standing practice. Development in this case, as in many others, consists in a passage from the implicitly lived to the explicitly formulated, a process which is explained by the inevitable lag of reflection behind life and action. "We live looking forward and we think looking back," writes Kierkegaard. The Church lived the sacraments long before she consciously reflected on them and was able to forge the conceptual tools necessary for a dogmatic definition. The same is true of the dogma that faith on the part of the minister is not necessary for the validity of a sacrament, which was lived by the Church long before it was formulated, as the rebaptismal controversy between St. Cyprian and Pope St. Stephen abundantly shows, as does the later struggle of St. Augustine with the Donatists. *Nihil innovetur nisi quod traditum est.* This appeal of Stephen to traditional practice as a means of deciding the argument shows clearly that a dogma may be incorporated in the action and practice of the Church long before it finds conscious expression. It cannot be objected that this appeal to "action" constitutes an empirical pragmatism devoid of all doctrinal value. The objection would stand if the

only valid consciousness were that which finds abstract expression. But it can have no force for those who understand that, by the side of knowledge that is conceptual, theoretical and abstract, there is room for intuitive knowledge, concretely lived, incarnate in action and custom, and that this second form of knowledge not only frequently precedes the former, but always overlaps it, and provides it with an adequate commentary, a measure, and ultimately a guide. This is not to deny that logic and analysis enter into the equipment of theology, or that concrete events can provide the stimulus which directs the attention of the Church in one direction rather than another. But the contention is still that any explanation which remains on the level of conceptual thought has failed to get at the heart of the matter.

If, however, the conscious life of the Church is itself both Revelation and Tradition, if these are the lived possession by the Church of absolute and transcendent truth, then Tradition, so understood, must be the key to the nature and the limits of the development of doctrine; indeed, it clearly points to the necessity of such a development. If in truth the mystery of Christ is ineffable and inexhaustible, then the Church which lives and ponders that mystery will never on this earth plumb or catalogue its unending riches. Faith, from this aspect, resembles the beatific vision, of which it is the pledge and first instalment. Yet the vision of God face to face has nothing of the hypnotic and static quality of an unwavering and transfixed gazing. It is before all else a life, a newness of life and energy affording ever fresh and invigorating joy, a contemplation always satisfied and yet ceaselessly reborn. The beatific vision is the act in which God gives Himself to us whole but never wholly, and Revelation, too, it may be said, is Christ handing Himself over to us in His mystery in a possession that is always full and assured, but also incomplete and lacking its consummation, always summoning from us a more profound appreciation and response. It is only at the end that we shall fully grasp all that has been there from the beginning, only then that Revelation will yield to us the fullness of its mystery in a vision that is direct and intuitive, This eschatological factor must never be forgotten, for it affects and conditions the whole nature of the knowledge gained by faith—whether by the Church of the Apostles or by the Church in any other age while she remains militant.

It is this eschatological view of Tradition that establishes both the justification of the development of doctrine and its precise limits. Nothing substantial can be added to the ontological and objective mystery of Christ which is given to the consciousness of the Church: that much is evident. But neither can anything substantially new be added to the faith of the Church, that very consciousness whereby the mystery is possessed: for in all ages, to-day as yesterday, it is the same Christ who "speaks" and lives His mystery in the Church. It is this last point which needs to be emphasized and clarified. The wholeness of faith, the full possession at all times by the Church of the mystery of Christ is not at the level of logic or of conceptual thought. It is at the supernatural level. It is at a level at which the richness of the possession of revelation cannot be measured by the depth of theological acumen, but only by sanctity of life, by personal contact with Christ living His mystery in the Church. It is at this level that we can and must say that the grasp of Revelation possessed by Our Lady and the Apostles was incomparably richer and deeper than that of any other. In fact, the Church herself is the only perfect believer—the Church in which the Spirit of God dwells—always holding entire the mystery handed over to her keeping, but progressively enabling it to seep down into and to transform every department and aspect of conscious human life.

Tradition, then, is first a conserving and preserving power which guards the revealed "deposit," held and handed on in a living manner in its fullness. But it is also a force of initiation and conquest. To express its role in the development of doctrine we can only multiply our terms of description and analogy. It is a power of reflection whereby revealed truth is assimilated, investigated, catalogued and brought into conscious relation with every experience of life; a power of ever-sharpening discernment, and harmonization; a power of deeper penetration and richer flowering of what is always there to hand. Identical with the life of the Church, Tradition brings to the distinct or reflex consciousness of the faithful elements hitherto held in the depths of faith and practice, at the core of spiritual life or in the attitude of soul that informs and governs conduct. The truths of the faith lie hidden at the root of the Church's institutions, of her rites, her characteristic gestures, her liturgy and prayer, her habits of life, before ever they are given distinct conceptual expression.

It would be a mistake to think of this explicit formulation of truth as an easy and complacent exercise. Christian thought is stretched in perpetual tension. Péguy wrote: "Let no one think the saints are gentlemen in repose." The same is true of the Church's doctors and theologians. Their task is not merely that of repeating formulas of faith acquired in past ages, but of penetrating further and further into the depths of the faith, of relating their faith to every phase of human life and understanding, of bringing to distinct expression more and more of the truth that the Church has lived. In this task they must show a complete and unwavering fidelity to every aspect of the mystery which the life of the Church has brought to light, and to the authoritative guidance which the Holy Spirit exercises only through the hierarchy. Their task can never be completed: the tension must be maintained: complacency in a conceptual system could only mean that something of the truth had been sacrificed, something of the mystery suppressed.

We must be careful not to confuse orthodoxy proper, thinking with the Church, with a more domestic loyalty to some special school of thought such as the theological schools of Antioch and Alexandria in the Christological crises, or of Thomism and Scotism in the thirteenth century. Orthodoxy is *only* loyalty to the Church. A school of theological opinion presents an essentially narrower and more systematized frame of reference than the teaching of the Church. Hence the Church will never bind her faith to any such domestic orthodoxy, for the schools pass and change and are the arena of argument, while the faith of the Church remains the same and reigns in and above them.

What is true of the theological schools considered in their diversity is true of them taken together, in so far as they constitute the school of Scholasticism. The Church does not compress her faith to the limits of scholastic philosophy or to any flavour that this may impart to theology, for other philosophies are on their own level valid and legitimate. Père D'Alès has remarked with justice: "l'Eglise n'est pas plus liée à une philosophie qu'elle ne l'est à une couronne"—or, we might add, to a political party. But, if there is a certain elasticity about dogmatic formulas themselves, the same must be said with greater emphasis of all scholastic categories of thought. An obvious example occurs in the use of the Aristotelian notions of "matter" and "form" to explain the

efficacy of the Sacraments, or of "substance" and "accident" in clarifying our faith in the Real Presence. It would be quite wrong to think that the definition at Trent of "transubstantiation" obliges the faithful to uphold the Aristotelian theory of substance; and it would be a grave mistake to think that this particular theory "explains" the mystery. The problem is a general one. Aristotelian concepts were constructed and elaborated on the basis of, and to account for, the workings of everyday objects of experience. It is obvious that they cannot be transferred from an empirical to a religious context, or applied to spiritual and supernatural realities, without radical re-shaping. There are many indications that St. Thomas himself was not unaware that the value in theology of Aristotelian concepts is at least partly methodological. This elastic quality of dogmatic formulas does not destroy their objective reference and value or their transcendent validity. But our adherence to them cannot be a merely material and verbal one. Our concern is with Revelation, the constant object that dogmatic formulas hold in view and are trying to designate. Orthodoxy is not even a matter of thinking precisely and literally the same thoughts as, say, the Fathers of Nicea or of Trent—even supposing it were possible to rediscover and to accord to their terms the precise and detailed conceptual associations with which those Fathers invested them. Orthodoxy is to hold in view the same transcendent truth which they envisaged. And for all our care of comparison, analysis and argument, only authoritative Tradition itself, only the living consciousness of the hierarchic Church can be the ultimate judge of whether we are doing that.

In the words of Maurice Blondel, "Tournée amoureusement vers le passé où est son trésor, elle regarde et elle va vers l'avenir où est sa conquête et sa lumière." The Church uncovers truth without discovering it; by formulating her dogmas she brings to light beliefs which the past has lived without proclaiming them thus explicitly. And all that she thus discloses she greets with a sense of recognition as part of her age-old possession. In her daily contact with things divine she knows well that, though God spoke His word to her fully in the beginning, it has not yet yielded up all its secret. Jesus Christ, the object of her faith and love, is beauty transcendent, ever ancient and ever new.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL AND CONTEMPORARY POETS—II

By

CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN

In a previous article I traced the outline of Southwell's impact upon the literary world of his day. The moment of the impact—round about 1591–2—was a moment when one school of poets, the University Wits who had dominated the stage *contra mundum*, was disintegrating, and another type of poet was taking its place. Bits of the story may be gathered from the pamphlets of Robert Greene and Henry Chettle. A new type of patron was apparently demanding a new type of literature. Marlowe, Kyd, Greene, Nash, Peele, and Lodge, were yielding one by one to death, disease, disgrace, or disillusionment. The new stars of literary patronage, Southampton and Mountjoy, were shining upon three new poets, Daniel, Shakespeare, and Drayton. It was a situation which Southwell had described, or foreshadowed, in 1591:

> It is a just complaint among the better sort of persons, that the finest wittes lose themselves in the vainest follies, spilling much Art in some idle phansie, and leaving their workes as witnesses howe long they have been in travaile, to be in fine delivered of a fable. And sure it is a thing greatly to be lamented, that men of so high conceite, should so much abase their habilities, that when they have racked them to the uttermost endevour, all the praise that they reape of their imploiment, consisteth in this, that they have wisely told a foolish tale, and carried a long lie very smoothly to the end. Yet this inconvenience might find some excuse, if the drift of their discourse levelled at any vertuous marke. For in fables are often figured morall truths, and that covertlye uttered to a common good, which without maske would not find so free a passage.

The "finest wittes" were the University Wits, who had shot

their bolt. The "better sort of persons" seems to refer to the new patrons, the noblemen of the Essex circle, whom Chettle had in mind. Possibly the new type of literature desired by Southampton and Mountjoy was the historical play or poem with political undertones. But what actually came first was a compromise between history and fable; it was the story of the rape of a fair woman, figuring the story of a soul violated by sin, and possibly of the soul of a country prostrated by a tyrant. Thus Daniel, Shakespeare, and Drayton, in *Rosamund*, *Lucrece*, and *Matilda*, were doing just what Southwell had prognosticated: namely, using a fable to figure moral truths "covertlye uttered to a common good."

It is Drayton, whose *Matilda* is the least impressive contribution of the three, who most gives one the impression that this new allegorical approach to poetry—*neo-Spenserian* is perhaps the epithet for it—was a concerted movement. In his prefatory verses he is at pains to associate himself with Shakespeare's *Lucrece* and Daniel's *Rosamund*, and to disown previous efforts by Greene and Churchyard; the distinctive feature which he somewhat ambitiously claims, in his dedication to "The Honourable Gentlemen of Englande, True Favourers of poesie," is "that divine touch and heavenlie instinct which giveth life to invention."

We have already seen how Shakespeare extracts spiritual significance out of the story of Lucrece. Much of what has been said about *Lucrece*, goes also for *Rosamund* and *Matilda*, for the three poems are constructed on the same lines.

Samuel Daniel has already been the subject of an interesting study in THE MONTH by John Chandos.[1] Mr. Chandos has expressed very well that aspect of Daniel's verse which fits in with my present study:

> It is impossible to read Daniel's poetry for long without apprehending a pervasive undercurrent of sorrowful yearning for a past state of grace. In *The Complaint of Rosamund*, the most evocative of his poems, this feeling is achieved by applying a grave but delicate heightening of language so to overreach the nature of his subject that an allegorical interpretation is compelled.

It only remains to add a note on the possibility of an acquaintance between Daniel and Southwell. Daniel's patroness was the

[1] "Recusant Poets of the English Renaissance," January 1950.

Countess of Pembroke at a time when she was also Breton's; Southwell's influence on Breton has already been discussed, and the presence of a priest in the Pembroke household remarked on. But there is a further link. Daniel's patron at a later date, 1595, was the Earl of Cumberland; in the Earl of Cumberland's household, also at that time, was the poet Anthony Copley. A stanza from each of their works will indicate the probability of mutual acquaintance. Daniel, in the *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland*, writes:

> He that of such a height hath built his minde,
> And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
> As neither feare nor hope can shake the frame
> Of his resolvéd powr's: nor all the winde
> Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong
> His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
> What a faire seate hath he, from which he may
> The boundless wastes and wildes of man survey.

And Copley, more ruggedly, in *A Fig for Fortune* (1596):

> Stand thou on Reason's haughty Promontorie
> Superiour and secure over all disgrace,
> Rage, wind, and wave, and horror round about thee
> Yet all is glory and peace in that bright place:
> Nor Death, nor Hell can damnifie thy honour
> So long as Reason's arme beares up thy banner.

Of the intimate acquaintance between Robert Southwell and Anthony Copley there is no doubt. Southwell was his first-cousin and his good angel.

Turning to Michael Drayton, we find that the resemblances between *Matilda* and *St. Peter's Complaint* are rather distressing. Drayton at this time, seems to have been incapable of finding a style of his own. His borrowings from Southwell bring out the weakest features of both. His conventional description of sin:

> Black hell-bred humor of revenging sin,
> By whose enticements murder we commit,
> The end unthought of, rashlie we begin,
> Letting our passion overrule our wit,
> Missing the marke which we most ayme to hit.

is an obvious echo of Southwell's more laborious type of stanza:

Ah rashness, hastie rise to murdering leape,
Lavish in vowing, blind in seeing what:
Soon sowing shames that long remorse must reape:
Nursing with teares that oversight begat;
Scout of repentance, harbinger of blame,
Treason to wisdom, mother of ill-name.

But in the description of the shame that precedes repentance, both rise to greater heights, and there is something even of Faustus's final speech in these stanzas of Drayton:

Earth, swallow me, and hide me in thy wombe,
O let my shame in thy deep Centre dwell,
Wrap up this murder in thy wretched Tombe,
Let tender Mercy stop the gates of hell:
And with sweet drops this furious heate expell.
O let Repentance just revenge appease,
And let my soule in torment find some ease.

and of Southwell:

If Adam sought a veyle to scarfe his sinne,
Taught by his fall to feare a scourging hand;
If men shall wish that hills should wrap them in,
When crimes in finall doome come to be scanned:
What mount, what cave, what center can conceal
My monstrous fact, which even the birds reveal?

Drayton's most frequent borrowings are from Southwell's descriptions of the sacred eyes of Our Lord. They include some of his most beautiful passages, as for instance:

Sweet volumes stored with learning fit for saints,
Where blissful quires imparadise their minds,
Wherein eternal study never faints,
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds.

but also several images which, taken out of their context, approach banality, as for example:

O sacred eyes, the springs of living light,
The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell . . .

and:

O sunnes! all but yourselves in light excelling,
Whose presence day, whose absence causeth night.

Drayton takes all the images, and applies them, instead, to the eyes of the lady in question:

> O let mee once behold her blessed eyes,
> Those two sweet sunnes which make eternall spring,
> Which banish drouping Night out of the skies,
> In whose sweet bosome quiers of Angels sing.

The truth is that Drayton's real model during these years was Edmond Spenser. The pseudo-platonism of Spenser, which Drayton continued, does not harmonize very well with the more *metaphysical* approach which Southwell was aiming at, and which Daniel and Shakespeare developed. This comes out particularly in Drayton's work *Idea, the Shepherd's Garland*, which preceded his *Matilda*. In the first eclogue of this, in the 1593 edition, there are some stanzas on repentance which seem quite arbitrarily dragged in, as if in tribute to a current fashion. That this was the fashion set by Southwell may be gathered from the independent criticism of the late Bernard Newdigate, who in his *Michael Drayton and his Circle* remarks:

> There are passages which suggest both the thought and manner of Robert Southwell. His *St. Peter's Complaint*, which is written in the same metre and verse-form . . . though not yet in print, was circulating in manuscript.

Perhaps the clearest and most attractive echoes of Southwell in Drayton come in Drayton's earliest work of all, *The Harmonie of the Church* (1591). I refer especially to his translation of the Canticle of Canticles. Though written in the despised "fourteener" and treated with contempt in the literary histories, this seems to me the most limpid and melodious thing that Drayton ever wrote. Thereafter, his resemblance to Southwell seems to diminish, through the years 1593 to 1594, as the influence of Spenser grew and entirely captivated him.

Perhaps here a word should be interpolated about Spenser. He was, after all, the dominant influence on poets during the half-decade 1590 to 1595. Absence in Ireland made that influence somewhat remote. But in Spenser, also, we can trace the outline of an abrupt change around the year 1592. It took the form of disillusionment. The beautiful mirror of fair dames and courtly knights which he had fashioned in *The Faery Queene* became sadly

tarnished and cracked as he hung around the Court expecting preferment. The result is seen in his *Mother Hubberd's Tale* and in the sad and lovely Mutability Cantos.

Mother Hubberd's Tale, along with Drayton's *Owle*, is the most scathing indictment of the Elizabethan Court and Government, and especially of the Cecil faction. A contemporary letter-writer (April 1593) referring to Cecil's unpopularity, remarks: "In a late pamphlet entitled a supplication to the devill, he is girded at, though not so much as in Mother Hubberd's tale."

The Mutability Cantos, if taken along with Donne's *Metempsychosis* and Jonson's *Cynthias's Revels*, provide a derisive commentary upon a singularly fatuous argument in Mr. Leslie Hotson's *Shakespeare's Sonnets Dated*:

> All the English poets write of their beloved Queen in terms approaching adoration. . . . To fancy Shakespeare deliberately writing of his "imperiall Votresse" not only that she is *mortal*, but that she has been obscured by an eclipse, is to imagine him a greater fool than Lord North.

The two poets just mentioned clamour for introduction: John Donne, whose brother Henry in 1593 was dying for the Faith in Newgate, and who was himself undergoing the spiritual struggle that led to his apostasy: Ben Jonson who said that, as for Southwell, he was hanged, but that if he could have written *The Burning Babe*, he would have given many of his own poems. But the period of their literary florescence is just too late for any actual contact with the Jesuit, either as a missionary or as a poet. One ought really to have distinguished between the two in the examples already given—Nash, Lodge, Breton, Shakespeare, Daniel, and Drayton—between Southwell's influence on them as a priest and as a poet.

For it is one thing to influence a poet as a spiritual father, and quite another to get him on the raw as a professional rival. In the case of Nash and Lodge, one feels no hint of professional rivalry (except once in Nash's *Jack Wilton*); the echoes of Southwell in their writings sound like unconscious tributes to a man whom they knew well and admired. In the case of Drayton, it is just the opposite; he seems to be saying: "this is the way he does it, it's quite easy once you get the knack of it." As to Shakespeare, it is difficult to say; there is a certain professional touch in

his effortless superiority over Southwell as regards the psychology of sin, repentance, and temptation; at the same time, there is an obvious deference in the way he adapts his story to take in the themes on which Southwell had given him the lead.

Anyway, in one way or the other, there is, in the examples given, sufficient evidence amply to justify the first statement of Deckers: that Southwell's literary influence, during his lifetime, was considerable. It remains briefly to consider the surprising second statement of Deckers: that this was the main reason why the Government arrested Southwell and put him to a traitor's death.

There is an important link between Southwell's literary influence and governmental hostility which makes this statement much less surprising and more credible. Southwell's influence on the poets of his day probably came about by way of their patrons; that is to say, the poets first took notice of him because he was an intimate friend of the patrons on whom they depended. There is direct evidence of a degree of intimacy between Southwell and Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy; and indirect evidence (a study of his missionary duties and family contacts) makes it reasonably certain that he frequented Southampton House. He was also the companion of Father Gerard at a time (1590–2) when Gerard had intimate dealings with Ferdinando Lord Strange and with Essex's sister, Penelope Lady Rich. Now, Strange, Essex, Southampton and Mountjoy were the patrons who dominated the literary and dramatic scene in and around the year 1592.

But 1592 was precisely the year in which hostility was mounting rapidly between the Cecil faction which controlled the government and the anti-Cecil faction which the Earl of Essex, with the aid of Anthony Bacon, was focusing in himself, and to which Southampton, Mountjoy, and possibly Strange, already belonged. The live nerve at the back of the hostility (and the real reason, probably, why Southwell was caught and tortured), was the question of the Succession. But welling up from that was the Cecilian suspicion of anyone favoured by the Essex party; and this is enough to account for the wave of governmental inquisition and repression to which nearly all the writers of the day bear witness.

In May 1592 Francis Bacon wrote to his brother Anthony, enclosing a copy of Robert Southwell's *Humble Supplication*, and

telling him that it was well worth copying out. The significance of this is that the *Humble Supplication* was Southwell's great and most disarming plea for toleration. And "Toleration" was the plank which Essex and Anthony Bacon were at that moment bestriding for all they were worth, and in the name of which any number of young Catholic swordsmen were rallying round them. Toleration indeed was very much in the air; and toleration was poison to the Cecil faction, father and son. The *Humble Supplication* also contained a most damaging exposure of the part played in the Babington Plot by a certain Robert Poley, an apostate spy, and one of Cecil's chief intelligencers.

Robert Poley is a fateful figure. Again and again, in exploring the Elizabethan back-stage, one comes across characters in quite different spheres being linked unexpectedly together by some low figure from the underworld. On May 30, 1593, Robert Poley turned aside from his duties as Queen's Messenger to be present at the tavern in Deptford Strand when Christopher Marlowe was stabbed to death; the other agents in the affair had also played parts as spies in the Babington Plot. Is this another case of the unexpected link?

Christopher Marlowe is the point where my two lines of inquiry, *viz.*: (1) the governmental persecution of poets, and (2) the repentance movement among poets, do most resoundingly meet. He is the outstanding example of a poet who got mixed up in the political rivalries and intrigues of his day, and paid the penalty for it. And, in his *Faustus*, he gave supreme expression to the protest of the spiritual man against the false values of the Protestant Renaissance. In the first capacity, he illustrates how difficult it was for anyone who had made himself at all conspicuous to avoid the all-pervading attentions of the Government and its agents. In the second, he stands out, whether consciously or not, as the chief exponent of the repentance movement initiated by Robert Southwell, which was, in fact, the Counter-Reformation in Elizabethan literature.

The connection between the two is that any sort of spiritual dissatisfaction with established Protestant doctrine was bound to bring one into conflict politically, either with the State-Church of Whitgift, if one favoured "brownism," or with the Church-State of Cecil, if it was a case of "popery." We must understand, here, the appeal which the Protestant Reformation originally

had for artists and adventurers like Marlowe. It was not the actual doctrine of Justification by Faith Alone: it was its psychological corollary: "*God wants me to sin*, in order to perfect my personality." Here, in a single line, is the terrible sword-cut that divides old from new. It is one of the twin points where Luther and Machiavelli touch. The other point is the substitution of the Prince for God—or, in the case of England, of the Princess: which added a confusing veneer of pseudo-platonism, to call it by no other name. It was difficult for an ardent mind and an involved reputation to recoil violently from the one, without knocking up against the other. A supernatural horror of chaos and a longing for Grace could not but involve a disgust at the maxim that the Prince, or the Princess, is God upon Earth. "I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician" remarked Sir Andrew Aguecheek sapiently. Marlowe was no Brownist. Among the final accusations brought against him at the time of his death, was one of holding:

> That if there be any god or good Religion then it is in the papistes because the service of God is performed with more Ceremonies, as Elevation of the mass, organs, singing-men, Shaven Crownes and etc. That all protestantes are Hypocriticall asses.

This is the garbled language of an oafish spy. But the reality behind the distortion is that same nostalgia for the Old Religion which has been remarked so often in the course of the present study.

The main characteristics of the works that have here been lumped together as the "Repentance Series," and to which I now wish to add Marlowe's *Faustus*, are these:

(1) An intellectual disgust with the terrible Protestant doctrine of Predestination. This has been noted, especially, in the case of Nash.

(2) A protest against the tyranny of the flesh, the glamour of which has faded and revealed, in Jungian fashion, the tyranny of the "Old Man" behind it. This is brought out clearly by Shakespeare in *Lucrece*.

(3) The "yearning for a past state of grace," which inevitably became a nostalgia for the Old Religion. This is apparent in Samuel Daniel.

All these three characteristics are very much present in the case

of Marlowe in his last year, 1592–3, when he was writing *Faustus*. The third has been already noted as an accusation brought against him in May 1593; the other two, so closely connected with the third, are apparent in the composition of *Faustus*.

It was the horrible doctrine of pre-arranged damnation that made Faustus throw away Divinity and, by reaction, turn to atheism. This too, we may suppose, was the reason why Marlowe rejected Orders at Cambridge, and, throwing away morality at the same time, embraced the exciting life of an intelligencer. He felt the thrill of power through evil. He achieved literary fame, rose above his low spy-associates, mingled with high society. The dreams of the shepherd-boy, Tamburlaine, seemed to have come true. Then in his last year came the shadow of the reckoning, "a great reckoning in a little room."

Faustus had asked for the beauty of woman. But when the supreme illusion of Helen of Troy had passed, all he had got for a wife was a devil disguised as a whore who disappeared scattering fireworks. He had asked for wisdom, and got cabalistic nonsense; when he asked the supreme metaphysical question: "Who made the world?" he encountered a threatening silence. Finally, he asked for freedom to change his mind; then, instead of suave mephistophelian reasoning, he was met with the sheer brutality of Hell, with threats of his flesh being torn piece-meal. His spirit collapsed under physical fear.

The same descent from boundless arrogance to servile terror was made by Marlowe himself. He overstrained his credit and popularity. His friends began to drop off. Lord Strange disowned him. The Essex Circle looked askance at him. The Plague was raging; a man could not live without a patron to house and clothe him. Sir Walter Raleigh, on whose account perhaps he had offended others, was imprisoned and disgraced. Then the hand of the State closed on him also. Though probably innocent of anything but loose talk, he was arrested and questioned on four charges, each of which could mean death by torture. He could smell the drying blood and vomit. He realized that here was the substance behind the shadows of earthly glory; the glamorous world of fashion was an exhalation of this grinding, monstrous, omnipotent police-state.

Released for some purpose of his captors, he decided to make a dash for it. Working his way down the river and looking for a

boat, he felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning, he saw the shabby mephistophelian figure of Robert Poley. Poley had jogged the elbows of more famous men than Marlowe and seen them grow pale. The sight of his old associates, Skeres and Frizer, on either side of Poley, completed the picture of Nemesis. There is no need to try and specify the actual proposal that was made to Marlowe. Many suggestions might be ferreted out of the murky background of Poley's intrigues, as Cecil's agent, on the Continent. The most likely one is that Marlowe was told to be a stool-pigeon in a certain bogus murder-plot against the Queen, to entice some Irish ruffians over from Flanders, and to implicate the Catholics and also Essex. Whatever it was, it must have been an invitation to return like a dog to his vomit. It may be supposed that, to his eternal credit, he refused. Poley's attendant thugs picked a quarrel in approved gangster style. Marlowe, weaponless, got two inches of Frizer's dagger just above the right eye.

In the light of the presumed refusal, it is permissible to read Faustus's last speech into Marlowe, and give it a different issue. The man who wrote:

> Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ. . . .

was a man who knew the birthpangs of repentance long deferred. The dictum of Southwell seems applicable: "I know that none can express a passion that he feeleth not." "Fool, look in thy heart and write," said Sir Philip Sidney. If Marlowe, in the agony of Faustus, had looked in his heart, and found—Christ, then it is likely that in his own agony, he found Christ again:

> Christ, health of fever'd soule, heaven of the mind,
> Force of the feeble, nurse of Infant loves,
> Guide to the wandring foote, light of the blind,
> Whom weeping winnes, repentant sorrow moves.
> Father in care, Mother in tender hart:
> Revive and save me slaine with sinneful dart.

There is no direct evidence for any personal contact between Robert Southwell and Christopher Marlowe. But the fact remains that Marlowe's last play is a contribution, towering falcon-like above the rest, to the "Repentance Series" initiated by Southwell. It was an answer to his prayer and perhaps, to the ten tortures, each one worse than death, he was undergoing at that moment.

EMIL BRUNNER

By

LORENZ VOLKEN

I

THERE is hardly any theological movement in the whole history of Protestantism which has penetrated so deeply and at the same time spread so rapidly as the movement of dialectical theology. It started, as the Reformation did four centuries before, from an exegesis of the Epistle to the Romans; and it was initiated by a second Luther. Karl Barth, with truly Lutheran zeal and impetus, broke through the predominant front of Liberal Protestant Theology. He had realized in his practical work in the parishes that Harnack, like all the other liberal theologians, does not really pursue theology at all. These liberal theologians are concerned with a kind of presumptuous humanism; they do not take the Bible seriously; they fail to behold God behind the Biblical text. The only point in theology is God, the supreme Lord, in His "immeasurable, qualitative distinction" from anything created. And when God reveals Himself in His deeds, those words that come from outside and "straight from above," a crisis arises for everything human. Human existence, actions, striving, all ethics and all civilization do not matter any more. Faith itself, which on the part of man cannot be more than a vacuum and is in fact effected in man by God, does not give us more than the experience that we cannot experience the transcendent God.

Karl Barth's influence was tremendous. According to E. Lewis we owe to him the most forceful theological impact in this generation; most of the American and Anglo-Saxon theologians seem to agree with this view. People on the Continent say: Barth gave us once more the proper subject of Protestant theology, i.e. the message of the Reformation. There is even talk of a "theological revolution."

Barth was not left by himself in his struggle. As quickly as he roused enemies he found friends and supporters. His most important friend and most powerful ally was Emil Brunner, whose name soon became known in close connection with Barth's. Brunner was born in Winterthur, near Zürich, Switzerland, in 1889; he studied in Zürich, Berlin, and at the Theological Union Seminary in New York, and spent some time in England "studying social questions." He published his first book, *Das Symbolische in der religiösen Erkenntnis* (*Symbolism in Religious Knowledge*) in 1914. In this work he searched for "deeper wells of knowledge" beyond intellectualism, and for a "new, more comprehensive conception of truth." Though still keeping in line with modern philosophers such as Husserl, Brentano, Bergson and the historian of religion Troeltsch, he described faith as something "incomparable to all the other contents of mind." While he worked as minister in a village church he published in 1921 his *Geschichte der Mayflower Pilgerväter*, in which he recorded with satisfaction the strong influence which little Switzerland had exercised upon the English reformers. The Evangelical thought of Switzerland spread all over Western Europe and eventually reached America. "Not only in Calvin's Geneva but equally in Zwingli's and Bullinger's Zürich is the cradle of the American mind to be found."

It was at this time that Brunner first learned of Barth's new teaching. He accepted it with enthusiasm and gave it his full support. Through him Dialectical Theology gained much of its systematic formation and distinction. More conversant with modern philosophical trends of thought than his friends, Brunner was the man to work out this new theology more systematically and to establish its links with the intellectual currents of the time. In his book *Erlebnis, Erkenntnis und Glaube*, published in 1921, Brunner maintained that every religion based on experience (*Erlebnis*) humanizes God since it drags God down into the "sphere of the soul"; every religion based on knowledge (*Erkenntnis*), on the other hand, divinizes man since man wants to "possess" the transcendent absolute in his thought. Even the very best of all thinkers searching for the ultimate principles cannot do more than attain the limits of everything human. As soon as he tries to construct and to build up, he is building the Tower of Babel. This is the crisis, and from this crisis springs faith. Faith is a leap, an intrusion of the "transsubjective into

psychological reality"; it breaks through and is like something entirely original springing from a different dimension.

In his book, *Die Mystik und das Wort* (*Mysticism and the Word*) which established his fame, Brunner proceeds still more profoundly and in a more theological manner; the book has the subtitle, "The antagonism between modern conceptions of religion and Christian faith represented by Schleiermacher's theology" (1924). Brunner's main objection against Schleiermacher is Schleiermacher's "basic idea," namely, the unification of all contrasts, the identification of God and man, mind and nature, subject and object, individual and community, Christ and history, Grace and sin. All this, he maintains, is due to mysticism. Brunner attacks this mysticism, in which he sees the basic feature of modern religious outlook, by opposing it with the "Word" of the Christian Faith. This word is the absolute communication of Him Who is wholly different; the call of the Lord, standing as it were on the other side of an impassable abyss, summoning from over there the individual discouraged by sin, to faith in obedience.

This book, like all his writings in the years to follow, abounds with expressions such as: rift, despair, crisis, paradox. Faith, which he had defined before as "hollow form" and "empty vessel" is now called "mere passivity" and "echo only of God's word." In his *Mittler* (*Intermediary*), Brunner wrote: "Everything depends on God discoursing alone; we cannot answer. This is Faith—God answers when we ought to answer." Did not Brunner teach exactly the same as Barth, who described Faith as an empty space, a cave into which God speaks His own word and hears it Himself?

Before long, however, a striking incident occurred. Barth, while staying in Rome on the Monte Pincio in 1934, published a provocative pamphlet under the title *No! Reply to Emil Brunner*. What was the matter? The "Theology of the Crisis," as the dialecticians liked to call their theology, had been passing through a critical stage for some years. Doubts and queries were raised such as: If, as Barth maintains, God is so transcendent, that life and death become unreal bogeys and the very being of man becomes insignificant, how can we any longer talk seriously about sin and grace, ethics, learning and revelation and about faith creating a new life? Barth replied to these questions by referring

to the paradox of Faith and the working of the Holy Ghost. However, an explanation on these lines no longer satisfied Brunner. In his search for another solution, he now put his emphasis on the proper worth of man and reason and wrote a book on ethics.

When Barth fell out with the circle of dialectical theologians and accused them and particularly Brunner of Neo-Protestantism and Thomism, the latter replied by clearly defining his position in his essay *Nature and Grace*. Briefly his point is: Like Barth I am concerned with the great problems of the reformatory Biblical message: the sovereign God, His freely dispensed Grace, and the faith in Christ crucified, which alone can justify. Thus both of us are agreed as far as subject-matter is concerned; but Barth is wrong in his conclusions and I maintain against these: (1) Man is to be understood not only from sin, but also from creation. Something of his similarity and likeness to God has been preserved in man from his creation, i.e. his capacity of speech, his responsibility, his reasonableness, by which man is privileged among all creatures and the whole of creation in spite of sin. (2) According to Rom. i. 19–20 there is not only a revelation through Scripture but also a revelation through creation, i.e. a general revelation of God in nature, in conscience and in history. True, it becomes effective only by Faith. Hence there is a "point of connection" in human nature for Divine Grace. Consequently a natural knowledge of God and ethics becomes possible. Barth immediately replied No to these antitheses.

No one who is familiar with the character and life of these two theologians will be surprised by these events. Barth is an unrestrained and one-sided genius, while Brunner is a man of moderation, always looking for some link and common ground. Both passed through similar developments and shared an enthusiasm for Harnack and both gathered similar experiences while working in parish communities in country districts. Brunner, however, felt himself much more attracted than Barth to Anglo-Saxon theology, which surely has not the reputation of disregarding Christian responsibility and of neglecting contact with life. It is significant that the one studied in Calvin's Geneva and the other in England and that the theologian from Zürich attended the Pricetown Seminary in 1939 and gave the Gifford Lectures in 1946, and after returning from his lecture tour in the U.S.A.

and England clearly formulated for the first time certain leading ideas which had influenced him for some years.

These ideas originate from the "Du-Philosophie." This school of thought was founded by Ferdinand Ebner[1] and was further developed by Martin Buber and Friedrich Gogarten. It starts from "Geistigen im Menschen" (the spiritual part in man), which constitutes man's real essence. This spiritual entity in man is the "I," the Ego. This Ego, however, consists essentially of a relationship, of a relation to another spiritual reality outside itself; and it is just because of and in this relation that the Ego has its existence. This spiritual reality outside the Ego is called the "Thou" (*das Du*). The foundation of this basic relationship between Ego and Thou (*des Ich-Du-Verhältnisses*) and at the same time its upholder is the "Word," that is to say the actual pronounced communication. In the full sense of this relationship only God is, in fact, "Thou" to any Ego, and only that which belongs to the order of "Thou" (that is to say, capable of being "Thou" to an "Ego") is personal being, real truth. Everything else, the world and the things in it, form the order of "It" (*Es-Bereich*), which is only half-truth. Why? Because the "Ego-Thou-relation" is missing. It is all general, abstract, ready-made substance, locked up in itself, like the lonely, idealistic Ego. To the personal being, however, corresponds a personal modus of knowledge; the knowledge by meeting "Thou." Grammatically speaking, this knowledge finds expression only in the first and second person: "The Ego 'is' not, but I *am*."

Brunner maintains that Ebner's fundamental ideas "threw out of gear the whole of philosophy from Heraclitus to Hegel (and, indeed, to Nietzsche, Bergson and Scheler); it is disclosed now as a mere dream of the spirit, dreamt by the lonely Ego, which remains lonely in spite of all metaphysics of history and sociology. Western philosophy lacks not merely an entire dimension but also reality . . . the importance of this momentous discovery cannot yet be measured."[2]

[1] Ferdinand Ebner was a teacher in a little village school in the Vienna woods in Austria, and died in 1931, a Catholic, at the age of forty-nine. He was a most interesting independent thinker. His ideas, particularly his personalism and his "Du-Philosophie" were widely circulated after his death and proved stimulating to modern philosophical thought.—TRANSLATOR.

[2] Details of Brunner's position in regard to Ebner and to Barth, Kierkegaard, Luther, etc., can be found in the book *Der Glaube bei Emil Brunner*, by L. Volken, Fribourg, Switzerland, 1947.

The "Du-Philosophie" is widely circulated, in particular among Protestant theologians on the Continent, and its achievement, i.e. the discovery of the "Thou" seems to many "as momentous as the discovery of the 'Ego' in Idealism and of Kant's Copernican deed." (K. Heim.)

II

Brunner was the first to apply this "Du-Philosophie" systematically to Theology. After his secession from Barth he placed it in the very centre of his theological system. The following pages describe this centre of Brunner's theology.[1]

Brunner's main quest had always been for real truth. He looked for it at its source, in God. Theology concentrates on God; true theology concentrates on the real God. The best answer to the fundamental question about the essence of this real God is: "God is pure personality . . . God alone is in truth person." He is the absolute person. Now, what does Brunner in fact mean by person? The familiar definition of person as a substance of reasonable nature and conscious of itself is out of the question, since the concepts of substance and nature suggest something inert and not spiritual, something given and completed, some abstract, unfree thing, which is "in itself." The essence of person, however, as Brunner sees it, consists in a state of an actual relation to another concrete and free entity disclosing itself; Brunner calls it the "Thou" which, however, must not be confused with Kant's Thou which is merely conceived and hence unreal. In brief, the person is " 'I' in community."

God has to be understood at first as being Ego, that is to say, an infinite spirit, whose being is from Himself and absolute, independent of any condition. Such is the state in which He reveals Himself: "I am the Lord, thy God" (Exod. xx. 2). The

[1] Although published as early as 1932, the following writings belong to this period of Brunner's work: *The Word and the World; Das Gebot und die Ordnungen Entwurf einer protestant. theolog. Ethik.* Further important books are: *Der Mensch im Widerspruch, die Lehre vom wahren u. wirklichen Menschen,* 1937; *Wahrheit als Begegnung, sechs Vorlesungen über das christl. Wahrheitsverständnis* 1938; *Offenbarung und Vernunft, Lehre von der christlichen Glaubenserkenntnis* 1941; *Gerechtigkeit, eine Lehre von den Grundgesetzen der Gesellschaftsordnung* 1943; *Die christl. Lehre von Gott* 1946; *Die christe. Lehre von Schöpfung und Erlösung* 1950.

same principle is expressed by other Biblical expressions such as the Holy, the Creator. Yet, God's Lordly "I" (though surely veiled in unfathomable mystery) is an "I" in community, too. "God is Love" (1 John iv. 16). These words are just as Biblical as "God is the Lord." This love, however, is not identical with Eros-Love, springing from some motive, determined by some value and seeking its fulfilment; it is not Eros, it is Agape, incomprehensible, freely choosing and giving itself with unlimited generosity. This dialectical being-Lord-in-Love exists in the Trinity in the three Persons mutually giving themselves to one another and it is also expressed in God's self-communication to Man. The God of the Bible is the God-towards-Man, the God of men. This essential relation of God to Man, this communion of God with Man necessarily presupposes God's Lordly "I"; for only He who is entirely self-sufficient and the absolute Lord can show this generous love in complete freedom. Paradoxically, however, God's Lordship is based on just this communion of God with Man, since God is Lord in the full sense of the word only if He is known and recognized as such. This, however, requires the fulfilment of two conditions: (1) that He reveals Himself to or communicates with His creature and (2) that He creates this creature in relation to Himself as a free and independent entity. It becomes clear now why to Brunner the personal conception of God became the only pertinent concept of the real God, or to put it still more clearly in his own words: "This personal conception of God is nothing else than the Biblical conception of God." In this fundamental dialectical relation between dominion and communion, "these two Biblical basic conceptions of the Divine essence," resides "the content and the centre of the Bible." Here we have moved far away from the conceived and demonstrated and hence impersonal and unreal God of the philosophers.

From the conception of God follows the definition of the essence of Man. Not only God but Man, too, is a person. He, too, is an "Ego" in communion. He, too, is a being in relation with a "Thou." Yet there is a big difference between him and God. God is the absolute person, but man is only a conditional person. Bound together in matter man is at once an "Ego" and an "It." In him there is an impersonal, a thing-like quality. Even in the very core of his essence he is merely a re-sponding person, as a

replica of God's original person, which is the true and primordial original. "Man is *the* re-sponsible being." Man's glory consists in his faculty freely to answer to God's call, through which he came into existence and lives. If his answer is "Yes," recognizing God and returning love for love, he is person in the full human sense of the word. If his answer is a spiteful "No" or a defiant silence he is an "impersonal person," a sinner. But even as such he remains "responsible" in spite of his sin, since he could not even be a sinner without responsibility. Hence he remains capable of civilization and keeps his human "point of connection" for Grace. Thus man always remains related to God either in the right sense or in the wrong. Brunner sees in this essential relationship between God and "God's Man," i.e. in this "personal correspondence," the "basic conception of any Biblical thinking." This personal correspondence, however, does not suggest a timeless, abstract relationship, but the actual materialization of revelation in events in time and space. The revelation is actualized on God's side through Christ in the Holy Ghost and on man's side in Faith.

No doubt, Christ is God, but He is such in His personal revelation (*Personoffenbarung*). He is the Logos (John i). Logos, however, does not stand for the sum-total of transcendent ideas in the Greek sense; it means "Word." Word signifies communication from spirit to spirit. Christ, the Word, imparts to us (according to Brunner as well as Barth) something of the wholly different spirit, something from outside ourselves. However, He imparts not only "something," but indeed Himself, the very person of God, and thus establishes communion with the human spirit hitherto benighted in the loneliness of his Ego. Brunner lays particular stress on this point. Brunner maintains with Ebner that it is the Word that links and keeps together all basic elements; as the personal communication it links God and Man and is itself God and Man, for "the Word was made flesh" (John i. 14). That the "becoming" of God's Word and the sacrifice of its life can be recorded as an historic fact which occurred once in time, what a stumbling-block this is to Greek idealistic thought!

When this historic "deedful Word" (*Tatwort*) says of itself "I am the truth" (John xiv. 6) it is in fact the truth, for "truth came by Jesus Christ" (John i. 17). This "Thou-truth" must

never be confused with the "It-truth" of reason. "Reason is used here as meaning all that man, just because and in so far as he is man, *ipso facto* knows or could know." Thus the truth of reason, whether it is scientific, or moral, or metaphysical, lies as it were slumbering within ourselves. To know this "truth from myself" it needs only to be awakened and called to mind. The truth of Christ, however, is necessarily "given" by a "Thou" from outside. "This truth is meeting of person with person" (*Personbegegnung*). Brunner sees the difference between these two kinds of truth as much in their essence as in their origin. Rational truth is to him invariably "It-truth." In it everything—things, men, God—is reduced to abstract, neuter-like concepts. Christ's truth, however, which does not, like a timeless object, lend itself to leisurely contemplation but which calls me "Thou," addresses me personally, gives itself in love to me and establishes communion with me. How does it happen? In the Holy Ghost.

Christ, the Word and the Truth, is the object of Faith and at the same time its cause, but only in the Holy Ghost. "It is a fact that the personal Word, Jesus Christ, does not come to us except through fellow-men." Man receives Faith "mediately" through the human words of the Bible and of the proclamation of faith. Those words are of utmost and God-willed importance. And yet whoever accepts each single word of the Bible or of the Church as God's word, is indulging in idolatry, since these words are mere human words and hence in principle as well as in fact subject to error. Who helps poor men to find *the* word among the many words and thus to establish faith? The Holy Ghost. He does it particularly by conferring on the reader of the Bible His "inner testimony" and upon the preacher His "spiritual authority." He gives to the words and teachings the "directing force" (*Richtkraft*) towards the personal Word and with this their "correctness." He presents the historic "God-for-us" as "Christ-in-me."

When man receives in Faith the personal Word, "personal correspondence" is established. This faith is first an act of knowledge. This knowledge, however, does not mean "thinking" in the sense that the scientist, the philosopher or theologian grasps his subject and masters it in the glory of his lonely Ego. No—Faith is "Knowledge in the sense of meeting" (*Erkentniss als Begegnung*) that is to say, being caught, overwhelmed by the

Divine "Thou." Faith is a momentous, self-disclosing answer of love which establishes communion. Hence it follows that faith relies on will rather than on knowledge. It is, indeed, fundamentally, "obedience to the faith" (Rom. i. 5). Obedience does not here mean submitting to general "laws," valid in every case; it means rather surrendering oneself to the "commandment" of God, actually calling upon me here and now.

Feelings, too, play their part in the act of faith; this part, however, is merely accessory and important only inasmuch as it enables the sub-spiritual elements in man to partake in the act, and thus allow man to "be wholly in it." It makes faith a "full experience of the person" (*Personerfahrung*), although it has nothing to do with mysticism; the latter obliterates the borderline between "I" and "Thou" and strives for unity rather than communion. Finally, one must keep in mind that faith does not signify a sum as it were of particular psychological acts of knowing, willing and feeling. "Faith is . . . the life-utterance in its unanalysable unity. Faith is the totality-act of personality." "Faith and personality are identical".[1] In an anthropological sense Faith is "personal act" (*Personakt*), theologically speaking, however, and in its full and comprehensive meaning it is "meeting of person with person."

Brunner quite logically rejects a merely imputative justification by faith. The person by meeting Christ accomplishes in fact the "personal act" (*Personakt*) or, Biblically expressed, forms "the new man." How is this achieved? At this meeting in faith man speaks two words: the word "Yes" directed upwards to God and the other word downwards to himself—"penance." This "dialectic of faith and penance" is of the greatest importance; man attains to faith only when he despairs of his perverse and sinful life, that is to say when his self-governed Ego with its autonomous reason and his proud will striving for power admits its own complete failure; and yet, he cannot in fact do so except by faith. Faith takes possession of the perverted man with all his abused gifts and faculties, re-establishes harmony in him and directs him towards his primordial destination.

Hence all the problems facing the Christian in this world, the realm of "It," find their solution. It is not possible in the framework of this article to outline the meaning and the tasks of the

[1] E. Brunner: *The Word and the World*, p. 72; *The Theology of Crisis*, p. 30.

Church and its offices, of ethics and marriage, of reason and the State and indeed of that abundance of legal "orders" with which Brunner deals in his extensive writing. However, I should like to explain briefly what he calls "Gesetz der Beziehungsnähe" (law of Relational Proximity), on which the particular problems are based. Everything in the "It-world" exists in orders and these orders are based upon the Revelation of the Creation. All this differs in its dimension from the "Thou-realm" (*Du-Bereich*) of Faith, which is based on the historic Revelation. These two spheres are kept together not by some unity of essence but by a mere token relation or directing relation (*Hinweisbeziehung*). This relation, however, has a very wide scope. The "law" is explained in the following way: The nearer something is towards being Person, the more is it subject to the corrupting influence of sin and the more is it in need of amendment through Faith. Thus Theology and the Church constitute the innermost spheres nearest to the centre which is Person, while mathematics and logic are almost infinitely remote on the periphery; and between these two circles is everything else, e.g. economy and social order. Consequently, one does not talk of Christian mathematics but one can speak of a Christian social order. I take an instance from Brunner's paper which he read to the church assembly in Amsterdam on the subject "Communism, Capitalism and Christianity," and in which he rejects Communism as well as Capitalism, since they both destroy, each in its way, true personality as well as true community. Only where the two latter are safeguarded, a true solution can be found; and they are "one and the same" according to the Biblical concept of Personality if rightly understood.

This dialectical unity of the concepts of God or Person proves to be the very foundation of Brunner's theological system, while Faith forms its centre. "Personal correspondence" is realized in Faith and gives the proper meaning to the natural realities of the It-world. Brunner consequently holds the view that the falsification of the concept of Faith accomplished in the objectivizing "Catholic conception of Faith" is the "greatest tragedy in the whole of the history of the Church." "For the Church it is a question first and foremost of discovering anew what Christian Faith is." Faith as an intellectual acceptance of revealed doctrines resting upon human authorities infects the Church like

a disease of the blood. God, Christ, and man become a mere conceptual "It" and the relationship becomes identity at the cost of the whole cause the Bible stands for. The following sentence in Brunner's dogmatics is most significant: "Correct theological thinking must never leave the dimension of the relation of 'I and Thou' (which is the dimension of the Revelation) and move into the dimension of 'It.' "

III

Although theology, meaning reasoning within and about the Revelation, is surely concerned with the "realm of Thou," it is still, *qua* thinking, a human reflection in the "form of It." A theologian does not offer a better or more robust theology because his faith is stronger; he does so because he is able to employ stronger intellectual abilities in his studies. If we wish to form a fair judgment on Brunner's theology we must not fail to note three of his pre-eminent abilities: his peculiar mode of thinking, always searching for links and connections; his forceful will-power; and his personal devotion. Brunner the theologian is at the same time a systematist, a fighter and a pastor.

In an admirable manner he discovers the great lines of connection in his subject, and he likes these connections, their balance and focal points. It is significant that the titles of so many of his publications are characterized by a comparative "and," such as Mysticism *and* Word, Revelation *and* Reason, etc. Small wonder that he has been regarded as the "most eminent systematic representative" of Dialectical Theology, or that Barth's one-sidedness could not satisfy him in the long run in spite of all its greatness. And small wonder, too, that Barth thought he was suspect as a go-between. In his controversy with Barth, Brunner's standpoint was nearer to the Bible than Barth's. According to Brunner, God's unconditional Lordship does not frustrate man's glorious position in creation in spite of his sinfulness. What God esteems worthy of His love and His anger cannot possibly be a trifle. Brunner rightly regards Faith as elevated in its dimension above any form of being of this world, without, however, denying science and research their peculiar standing. His is a theology that is able "to look to Heaven with one eye

and at the earth with the other without squinting!" The legitimate claims of "Continental" theology represented by Barth and of "Anglo-Saxon" theology represented by Reinhold Niebuhr find their meeting-place in Brunner's theology. As far as his attempt at establishing this necessary synthesis is concerned, Brunner's work will outlive him though not, to be sure, in its particular elements.

He could not, alas, escape the dangers which threaten any systematist. He is too easily captivated with the attractive connections of the great lines and their relation to their centre and consequently he disregards important contradictory particulars and lends himself to forced abridgments and short-cuts. He lacks the necessary patience for analytical research. If God, as he maintains, is "*a priori* a Being in relation, that is to say, a Being related to man"; if furthermore man and Faith are interpreted, as he interprets them, in such an actualistic way that faith only exists at the very instant when man answers decisively and definitely to God, and not merely the story of Adam and his fall but also the entire doctrine of original sin, generally maintained by the Church for "1800 years," have to be jettisoned; if any belief in a "revealed doctrine" does not belong to the essence of faith, since it takes shape in the dimension of "It"—it becomes perfectly clear that Brunner, possessed by his predilection for the personalism of the "Du-Philosophie," is trying to discover things in the Bible which simply are not there. From the fact that the Bible reveals God in His relation to man, it does not follow that God is an entity related to man. God is the Lord because He is the Creator. If in full freedom He has created the world and man, we have to assume that He did in fact exist beyond and without relation to man and time, which began with creation. And finally what has Brunner to say, after all, of the angels so frequently mentioned in the Holy Scriptures? Their life, in relation to God, is certainly important and as real as ours. Brunner may be compared with a man who once met Mr. Churchill painting somewhere in a remote holiday resort, and afterwards, when asked who the man was he met, answered: "Some painter from England." One aspect of an entity known to us does not necessarily reveal its whole essence.

Although man and Faith reach the climax of their possibilities when they unfold themselves in the actual meeting with the

Personal Word, one cannot possibly maintain that man and Faith have no existence at all except in this meeting. Not only the pagan Plato, but also many a perfectly good Christian would be, according to Brunner, for most of his time a "mock-man" (*Unmensch*), since he spends most of his time outside the actual state of personal meeting. The peculiar essence of man and Faith is subsequently also realized in his inert and habitual mere existence. The Bible speaks again and again of men, Apostles, Saints and so on as abiding in their essence. In St. Paul we find repeatedly the following trend of thought: "You were dead in sin and now you live again through Christ Who has raised you up. Now therefore you are no longer strangers and foreigners but you are fellow-citizens with the Saints and domestics of God" (Eph. ii). And how often does St. John talk of "abiding" in Christ (e.g. John xv). The Bible sees this matter just as ordinary common sense sees it; a pianist is such not only during those minutes when he brilliantly performs Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody"; he remains a pianist while he is eating or sleeping; his peculiar ability that distinguishes him from other people abides in him.

In a similar manner, on account of the essence of Faith, Brunner dismisses any "doctrine." Why? Because doctrine belongs to the realm of "It," and consequently has to be opposed to the realm of "Thou." According to the Scriptures, however, not only persons but also doctrines and facts are matters of faith, such as the fact of the Resurrection or the fact that Christ "came out from God" (John xvi. 27). Protestant exegetists agree that faith, in the sense of believing in a doctrine, is at least *also* Biblical. The same problem as in the case of person and doctrine arises with regard to Commandment and law, to church of Faith and church of worship. No doubt there is a difference of dimension between the two realities. Yet they are united within the self-same entity in which the higher reality animates the lower. It is sufficient to know this fact from the Bible or from life; but to explain it is a different matter and one which is often overlooked. Brunner pointed to this on a number of occasions. He himself, indeed, assumes the following inexplicable fact: Although spirit and matter and, indeed, God and man, differ from one another in their dimension, the former two unite in one being, namely man, and all the four realities in one being, namely Christ. As man does not only have a body in himself but in fact *is* that body,

so the Word of God not only has flesh, but in fact has been made, that is to say, *is* flesh (John i. 14). So revealed doctrine is not the primary but an essential reality of Faith.

A concrete understanding of personality always proves fruitful in theological studies; hence Brunner's synthesis must be considered very useful in many aspects. What provokes strong criticism, however, is his too persevering application of the personalism of the "Du-Philosophie." However right he seems to me to be in his basic ideas, i.e. the concrete connections in the personal sphere, some of his theses seem to me exaggerated, as, for instance, his proposition that being and relation, being and destination are identical. Although relation and destination imply the full unfolding of being, they presuppose first of all being, and are conditioned by being. Everything has its personal or impersonal relation with its origin or with its end or purpose; the postulate of the "Du-Philosophie," however, that relation should constitute the very essence of being, springs from a too one-sided reaction against Idealism. The intoxication with the "Ego" is replaced here by an intoxication with the "Thou." Controversy invariably leads to extremes; truth, however, rests in the centre.

Brunner is as much a fighter as a systematist. He confessed once that he never felt a true liking for scholarship proper. One might well say that he needed to fight against error in order to search for the truth. First he fought intellectualism and then, since about 1920, humanistic theology, and since his secession from Barth, orthodox or in fact "Catholic" objectivism. It is significant that Brunner re-named apologetics "Eristik." He admitted himself that he had a particular gift for controversial writings, and he is fond of vigorously attacking his adversaries. Even Barth regretted that he had treated "poor Schleiermacher" too pugnaciously and critically. Fighting spirit may be a noble quality, yet surely it carries its dangers with it, and Brunner repeatedly falls victim to them. He allows himself to be carried away by the fight. He is past-master of the questionable tactics of accentuating one thing and passing over another. He likes to extend artificially his opponent's front or forcibly to shorten it. Sometimes he transforms his opponent's differentiations into contradictions, or harmonizes them into unities. In this way he can fight more quickly and conquer more easily. This becomes

clear in particular in Brunner's attitude towards the Catholic Church. Not only Catholic readers of Brunner's book, but also Barth, have noted with regret that he distorts the teaching of the Church or at least presents it in a misleading light. There are, to be sure, some grievances within the Church. But should this be surprising, considering her gigantic extension? Is it not true of the Church, too, what Brunner himself said in Amsterdam in 1948: "The greater the tasks are and the greater the number of human beings who have to face the tasks, the greater the need for impersonal, abstract machinery and institutions . . ."? Brunner sees the very essence of the Church in secondary elements or even in her shortcomings. He forms peremptory judgments of the whole of the Church, although he has never studied her thoroughly in her entirety, but has always looked at her superficially as an object of his polemics. He ignores the fact that the profundity of her inner life is as important to the Church as her teaching. This matter is made very clear in Newman's masterly preface to the third edition of his *Via Media*. Brunner, even when recognizing the merits of the Church, does not refrain sometimes from decrying her motives, as he does, for example, in discussing the Church's fight against Communism. Thus he fails to render a good service to the cause of truth, or to his own theology or to Christian unity, which otherwise he is anxious to advocate.

Finally, we must stress one point: Brunner is a pastor. The "Du-Philosophie" made so strong an appeal to him, partly because of his feelings for his fellow-men. He betrays in all his writings a truly Christian care and sense of responsibility for his fellow-men. He appreciates parish life and confession for himself as well as for his parishioners, and he holds the chair of pastoral theology beside that of Dogmatics. The Oxford Group Movement, to which he has felt himself drawn since 1932, influenced him favourably. Hence it is not surprising that Brunner has been active in many countries and has been travelling in Japan, Korea, China and India, partly as a missionary and partly as a professor. It is to be regretted that Brunner rejects time-fulfilling prayer. Yet it was Christ Himself Who in His missionary life used to pray for many hours and even for whole nights (Luke v. 16; vi. 12) and taught His Apostles this kind of prayer and recommended it in the Sermon on the Mount. Thus the leading

Protestant, Hans Asmussen, could say recently: "Whoever thinks he can ignore the Catholic school of prayer is wrong." That prayer exactly puts into effect what Brunner desires and what the Church is so much in need of at present: the personal meeting with Christ.

(*Translated by* Walter C. Breitenfeld)

J. S. BACH

By

EDMUND RUBBRA

TO DRAW a line between Bach's secular and non-secular works is to make distinctions which do not, in fact, exist. For it must never be forgotten that the whole body of Bach's music stems from an unquestioning faith in Christian doctrine. The joyous movements of the Brandenburg Concertos are no different in essence from such an aria as *My heart ever Faithful*, or the serene, tender and poignant ones from many movements in the great Passions. That the distinction between secular and non-secular in Bach's output is not a valid one is seen clearly in the organ works: not only because they are instrumental pieces designed primarily for devotional use, but because they are so often built round and inspired by those pivotal points in the music of Lutheran Churches, the chorale.

To us, these chorales, as they appear in harmonised form in the Passions and Cantatas, are wonderful points of repose in the surrounding drama of music and words, but to Bach they were more than this. They were periodic statements of an assured faith that stood rock-like amid the shifting emotions of earthly life. There are, of course, virtuoso pieces in Bach's instrumental output, but to all of them one could add the superscription (as Bach

himself did to simple finger exercises he wrote for his children) *In nomine Jesu* or *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*. This is because the evolution of Bach's technique, even towards such seemingly secular ends as the virtuoso keyboard pieces or the suites, has its roots in the inspired improvisations on chorale tunes, or in the richly appropriate harmonies with which these tunes are clothed in the vocal works.

It is difficult for us now, in a world whose values are increasingly man-made and decreasingly God-made, to realise how the dominant forces of doctrine and belief could so shape and mould a musician's output as to make everything centre upon them. We have become so used to the idea of an artist expressing *himself*, or projecting his own subjective impulses—be they good or bad—on to canvas or manuscript paper, that the opposite idea of man's acceptance of a revealed doctrine that shifts the emphasis away from himself to a Divine source, and consequently of the artist's dedication of his works to greater ends than himself, has become outmoded. Yet Bach (the last of a long line of musicians whose work was centred on religious faith) is a continuous contradiction of the modern attitude. Never does he flounder in systems and "isms," never does he flaunt his prodigious technique as an end in itself or to raise cries of astonishment: all his art and craft is absorbed in the perpetual vision of the Cross. The poignancy and joy of his music are two facets of this absorption, and the serenity comes from an assured faith.

When Bach died, the world was already moving away from non-secular values in art. His composer sons, Carl Philipp Emanuel, Johann Christian and Wilhelm Friedemann, were in the forefront of a movement that led to a shifting of emphasis in music towards the secular and subjective. Romanticism, with its egocentric ideology, was born, and it is perhaps significant that in the very midst of the storm and stress of this movement Bach's music, which had been temporarily obscured by the newer values, should have been re-discovered.

With the famous revival of the St. Matthew Passion by Mendelssohn, and the production of a complete Bach edition instigated by Schumann, Bach's music was no longer the preserve of the *cognoscenti* or of the organ-loft. Homage was paid to it by composers of music of a completely different mental and spiritual cast. Liszt, Wagner and Chopin were incapable, perhaps, of

sharing Bach's faith and vision, but they felt, amid the unstable emphases of romanticism, that here was a rock of integrity, founded on values independent of temporal events. True, they probably read into Bach's work more romanticism than it would hold (are not some of the keyboard preludes peculiarly open to romantic treatment?), yet if his music was kept alive and fostered for reasons other than the deepest, we nevertheless owe to these pioneers the foundations of the complete knowledge of his work that we now possess.

Bach is a central figure in the art of music. He has a way of dividing the whole epoch of Western music into the before and the after. He is the last of the contrapuntists: the first of the harmonists to make of harmony a vehicle for what Spengler asserts is the predominant feature of Western culture, the idea of infinity. But this division into two categories gives a false impression of Bach's music if we do not at the same time realise that they are united in a conception loftier than any art can be, and which it is the function of the greatest art to serve. Religious emotion, which is an ever-present background to Bach's musical thought, has, in the great composers that followed him, been but an intermittent inspiration. But it is noteworthy that in their single examples of religious art on a large scale Beethoven, Brahms, Verdi and Fauré reached heights not reached in their other works. This was achieved, not by the slightest alteration of style, but by viewing it in the light of a greater vision *sub specie aeternitatis*, and thus raising it to the highest potentiality. (A similar raising of an individual style to its apogee is seen in another medium in Henry Moore's *Madonna and Child*.)

In a world where the ethics of ideologies have supplanted genuine religious faith it is, in my view, increasingly difficult for really great art to grow. For art is not merely "communication" but a unifying force on a spiritual level, and if man only is the measure of all things, all things will be made by means of a distorted and obscure vision. But if Bach points the way, can we follow him?

In the first place it is necessary to point out the difference of ambience in a composer nowadays and in the time of Bach. Bach's school curriculum consisted of the Catechism, Psalms, Bible history, writing and reading—particularly of the Gospels and Epistles—in German and Latin. The school furnished the

Church with its choir and sang at weddings and funerals. At the age of twelve Bach was studying a volume of Lutheran theology, *Compendium locorum theologicorum*. We are told that from his childhood "he was rarely visible without the hymn-book in his hand." His recreation was to clamber up to the organ seat at the Church at Eisenach to improvise on the familiar tunes, and often afterwards he was found oblivious of the external world in his rapt extemporisations. It was a world where music, faith and living could be, and was by Bach, experienced as an indivisible whole.

When, in his last years, Bach had shed the necessity for, or was no longer interested in, the clothing of Scripture with the intensifying art of music, and devoted himself to those abstract monuments of creation *The Art of Fugue and The Musical Offering*, the language was still saturated with Biblical overtones. Its learning was deeper, its contrapuntal problems were more daring and difficult than anything attempted before, yet it is all seen against the clarifying light of a faith that never wavered, and at the very last it turned again to the simple strength of the chorale.

The education of to-day cannot, by its very nature, give such a unified world-picture, but unless the individual artist can see himself against a larger background of faith and purpose than is given by political creeds, of however enlightened a nature, his art will cease to serve other than purely temporal ends.

[By courtesy of *Public Opinion*.]

REVIEWS

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

Shakespeare Survey 3, edited by Allardyce Nicoll (Cambridge University Press 12s 6d).

Shakespeare's Problem Plays, by E. M. W. Tillyard (Chatto and Windus 8s 6d).

Shakespearean Comedy, by Thomas Marc Parrott (Oxford University Press 38s).

RECENTLY a well-known quarterly printed a review of new Shakespeariana under the heading "The Shakespeare Industry." No doubt a mild jibe was intended; but why? If beer and tobacco can support staple industries there is no reason why culture should not spread joyous enlightenment by exploiting (in the good sense) a Warwickshire product which shows no signs of exhaustion and no signs, apparently, of becoming a "drug on the market." Granted there is a danger that bardomania and the vanity of the "entirely new reading" will brew more critical fogs commensurate with that which invaded Elsinore under the spell of the clever Señor Madariaga; but if sound quality and usefulness still justify expanded production the three books on our list are amply justified. That their functions do not wastefully overlap may be proved by a consecutive reading of their respective sections on that most intriguing of plays, *Measure for Measure*. Dr. Tillyard, Mr. Parrott, and Dr. Leech in the *Survey* all have something important to declare, and they leave plenty more to be added by the informed reader and the future critic.

All three works contain balanced eclectic criticism: they take cognizance of the best Shakespearian study of three centuries. In discussing *Hamlet*, Dr. Tillyard unearths, from William Richardson's *Essays on Shakespeare's Dramatic Characters* (1784), a perfectly sound general explanation of Hamlet's conduct and speech in the crucial scene (III. 3) where he spares Claudius at his prayers. "It must be remembered," says Tillyard, "that the notion of Hamlet's withholding his true motives for sparing Claudius had nothing originally to do with the new psychology but was formulated in the eighteenth century" (p. 148). It is good that criticism should keep a lien on plain traditional common sense; but we must also acknowledge the fact that modern scholarship has helped to reveal, in this play and ultimately in the mind of Shakespeare himself, a significant clash and imperfect merger between medieval-Christian and Renaissance-pagan ideals: hence in that particular scene Hamlet expresses, in confused Christian and pagan terms, his ostensibly *pagan* reasons for a virtually *Christian* repugnance to perform a notoriously *non-Christian* action.

The third number of the *Survey*, of which Shakespeare the man and the writer is the "central matter," staunchly maintains the quality of the first two. It is the kind of annual which will enable future students, editors and critics to keep in touch with the best that has been written and done about Shakespeare in the present century, and even the general reader will find much to amuse him in such an article as Robert de Smet's "*Othello* in Paris and Brussels." In his introductory survey, "Studies in the Life and Environment of Shakespeare since 1900," Professor C. J. Sisson deals sanely and comprehensively with significant works falling under the headings "Documentary Study," "Study of Environment," and "Creative Biography." Young researchers should be inspired by hearing that "much of the manuscript material in the Birthplace Library still awaits explorers," and that the setting for Shakespeare's life and work "still offers a limitless field beyond the scope of definition." Professor Sisson's Conclusion states that the Shakespeariana of half a century "can seem disappointing only to the ill-informed. . . . And it is well to realize that what we have learned that is new is in accordance with what has long been known, new knowledge fortifying old." As regards the identity of the Stratford Man and the London Dramatist "there is no conflict, no dissonance"; though as a perusal of our three books will show, there is still dissonance of opinion in the interpretation of the "problem" plays. There is valuable new knowledge in Professor F. P. Wilson's entertaining paper on "Shakespeare's Reading"; information of permanent interest in Miss St. Clare Byrne's account of a Stratford production of *Henry VIII*; an admirably illustrated discussion of the Elizabethan stage by Mr. C. Walter Hodges, and a fascinating exercise in literary detection in Mr. J. M. Nosworthy's examination of the "bad" 1603 Quarto of *Hamlet*. Professor M. Mincoff of Sofia contributes a concise essay on the structural pattern of the greater tragedies, though his sketchy treatment of *Lear* makes one clamour for a reprint of Moulton's *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*. Altogether, most aspects of Shakespearean lore and activity in twelve countries are dealt with by a large body of scholars. The issue is enhanced by several fine plates, is well documented and handsomely produced.

Dr. Tillyard's book on the Problem Plays is a worthy successor to his studies of the Last Plays and the History Plays. He makes out a fair case for the inclusion of *Hamlet* with the three so-called "bitter" or "cynical" comedies written between 1601 and 1605: in all four pieces Shakespeare was directly and strikingly preoccupied with religious dogma and with that patent evil in life which rankles and corrupts without rising to a tragic head. The critic does bring these "apparently disparate works into sharp focus" and does "establish between them a mutually enlightening relationship" (dust cover); but one must object

that his examination of the *tragic* elements in the character and fate of Hamlet is special pleading and as such is incomplete and misleading. He underlines the right things—the intense ethical passion, the importance of the closet scene; but he does not draw the necessary conclusion that the Prince, caught as it were in the foaming "bore" occasioned by the collision of the full-flowing tide of pagan individualism and the deep-flowing stream of Christian orthodoxy, enacts in his own person the universal tragedy of Modern Man. "What is the use of killing Claudius?"—"What is the use of fighting this aggressor?" It will prove nothing, and cure nothing: what's done cannot be undone, and the embossed carbuncle of evil will break out all over again. *Hamlet* may be a "problem play," but there is something wrong with Dr. Tillyard's definition of tragedy if he is not convinced that *Hamlet* is a great play in this class. Nevertheless, his essay is another effective counterblast to the polite hesitations of T. S. Eliot and the Machiavellian distortions of Madariaga. For the rest, Dr. Tillyard shows clearly why *All's Well* is "an interesting failure"; he is "agreeably disappointing" on *Measure for Measure* (the full ethical symbolism of which his cautious mind refuses to embrace), and altogether admirable on *Troilus and Cressida*. No one will read this his longest chapter without agreeing with his concluding words: "we can make all necessary allowances and can end in finding in *Troilus and Cressida* a powerful if astringent delight." There can be no doubt that Dr. Tillyard has won his place in the Shakespearean critical canon.

Shakespearean Comedy is a learned, well planned, balanced and immensely readable study of the comedic elements in the whole *corpus* of Shakespearean drama. Mr. Parrott begins rightly by tracing the growth of English comedy from its humble beginnings in the Miracle and Morality plays. There is a chapter on "The Impact of the Renaissance," and ample justice is done to the formative influence of the New Comedy of Lyly, Peele, and Greene. Then from "The Young Shakespeare" we are taken through seven meaty chapters to one called "The Sunset," which ends with the mellow fruitfulness of *The Tempest*; and the "Conclusion" is a masterly précis of the whole. Though we may quarrel with points and sigh over omissions, there is no irrelevant matter. This is not creative criticism but a solid historical and descriptive survey—an invaluable book for reference. As Mr. Parrott says of his subject: "Here surely is God's plenty."

Shakespeariana as represented in these three works reminds us of Philemon's miraculous pitcher: the divinity that shapes our ends has decided that the Shakespearean "milk to the mind" shall have *no* end. It is therefore a pious duty to say "Long may it flow!"

W. H. GARDNER

THEODOR HAECKER

Journal in the Night, by Theodor Haecker. Translated by Alexander Dru (Harvill Press 12s 6d).

"THE Cloud will pass," said Athanasius of Julian the Apostate. Theodor Haecker, sitting in his home near Munich after working in a publishing firm during the day, writing his diary and listening to the radio in a mad and war-ridden world, thought the same about Hitler. Both men left this world in 1945. To-day it seems difficult to think about the dark years of the Nazi regime as anything but the frenzy of a Wagnerian Götterdämmerung. We have learned that the demons are driven out only to make room for others, in greater number, of a different kind.

Helplessly shut in as he was, in the terrifying atmosphere of the police-state, of brutal faces, songs and speeches, and *Herrgottsreligion*, Haecker never lost sight of the real nature of Man, during these solitary nights of writing. He was essentially a man of faith and contemplation, and Catholicism, to which he was converted in 1920, at the age of forty-one, became his spiritual home and bastion, from which to fight a disintegrating world. He looked back to Vergil and the true *imperium*, and his philosophical understanding had been schooled in the translation and study of Vergil, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Kierkegaard and Newman. In the twenties it had seemed that his satire and polemics might emulate the work of Karl Kraus, whom Haecker admired. But metaphysics were his real strength, and it remains to be seen whether English readers will take to this German writer who can think clearly, but whose style and personal approach make him difficult to read.

In his introduction, Mr. Dru compares Haecker to Charles Péguy, but himself notes the fundamental differences in their approach, even if their aims were the same, in bringing together eternity and time. But if literary comparisons must be made at all, Haecker seems to have had more in common, both spiritually and intellectually, with Kierkegaard and Léon Bloy. He had something of the prophet, writing his thoughts in exile and silence, an apocalyptic Christian whose one aim was to be a "promulgator of the absolute." Haecker, like Bloy, regarded himself as a very humble and very artless vociferator, but he lacked the genius of the French Catholic who, admittedly, was spared the reality of the catacombs for which he longed, and which Theodor Haecker had to experience at the end of his life. The impact of those years lies heavily over every page of this Journal.

Haecker diagnosed the true nature of the German problem in the surrender of the Christian and European tradition of Germany to nationalism and to the idolatry of the State. He has the South German's hatred for Prussia and forgets sometimes how much of South, North

and West German ability and effort went to the making of Prussia: Teutonic knights founded Prussia and their military and Byzantine spirit survived. German burghers and peasants were the first settlers after the pagan Pruzzis had been ruthlessly exterminated, and German administrators lent their skill to Hohenzollern diplomacy. The Saxon Luther gave them Divine Right, the Habsburg emperor a crown, and the South German Hegel a philosophy. The Nazi brutalities, indeed, were nothing but a cuckoo's egg hatched by German virtues, and when the bird was big enough, it was the foster-parents' turn to be devoured. When Haecker accuses the French of small-mindedness over the Treaty of Versailles, he seems to blow the familiar German trumpet, for, surely, though the Treaty was inadequate to meet economic and political realities, its chief weakness was that it gave insufficient guarantees to prevent the return to power of the dangerous elements in Germany.

Though he is open to criticism in the field of history, certainly in the field of faith and in his belief in the whole, the "spiritual" man, one can unreservedly agree with Haecker. Catholics, especially, might well take some of his criticisms to heart; for instance, that they often "confuse themselves with their religion to such an extent that they think people are converted for their sakes, on their account, and not for the sake of Christ and the Truth." Or, again, that they often "fail to see the pure gold shining through the dust of heresy." Haecker knows that the rending of Christian unity was a disaster not only for those who broke away, but that Catholicism itself suffered, not by losing Truth, but by losing elements important for the approach to Truth. The communication of this integral Catholicism, not so much its demonstration, is Haecker's purpose. Philosophy and mysticism, rationalism and irrationalism must be reconciled again, and Faith will be the test of this new synthesis which we need: "Apart from 'the faith' the only choice is between the 'inadequate' and the 'absurd.' Bourgeois Europe chose the 'inadequate,' and was followed in this choice by the Fascists. Individual geniuses prefer some 'absurd' or other, usually gnostic in origin, as in the case of Schelling and Scheler, or else of a private nature, like Nietzsche's 'Eternal Recurrence,' or Rilke's 'Weltinnenraum.' There is something one-dimensional about the faces of those who chose the 'inadequate.'"

The urgency of Theodor Haecker's warnings clearly transcends the boundaries of the nights in which he wrote, because he wrote for souls.

ROLAND HILL

SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLES

The Spaniards in Their History, by Ramón Menéndez Pidal. Translated with a prefatory essay by Professor Walter Starkie (Hollis and Carter 16s).

Spain, by Sacheverell Sitwell (Batsford 16s).

It is a welcome change to read something on Spain and the people of Spain that is discriminating and appreciative, that tempers censure with appraisal and blends understanding and sympathy with its criticism—something too which permits easy and relaxed reading, without the unpleasant necessity of watching all the time for an author's political prejudices.

The famous essay of Ramón Menéndez Pidal which appeared as a Foreword to the Spanish Academy's *History of Spain*—and Señor Menéndez Pidal is the Academy's Director and President—is now issued in an English form. It is a balanced, scholarly and admirable analysis of the Spanish character and an assessment of the Spanish achievement in history. Objective and calm, it weighs and judges. Love of his own folk does not blind the author to their deficiencies; no *parti pris* prevents him from doing justice to the opinions, national or political, of men who disagree with him.

He begins with the note of austerity which he finds throughout Spanish experience. From this spring, on the one side, a mood of detachment from possession and enjoyment, a contentment with the necessities of life but, on the other, too little concern for good government and for social betterment. This detachment breeds a certain Stoicism. Seneca, be it remembered, was a Spaniard. It is found in St. Teresa's *Nada te turbe*, in that mood of serenity which Renaissance Italy called "the quality of Castille." But this quality can merge into a mood of apathy, into the atmosphere of *Mañana*. "The English," wrote Díez de Gámez in his *Victorial*, "remember before the event; they are prudent. The French never remember until the event is upon them; they are proud and hasty. The Castilians never remember until the event has passed; they are lazy and contemplative."

That is, of course, one side only of the picture. The Spaniards are "strong to face the worst, slack to procure the best"; in emergencies they can be magnificent; it is in their day-to-day efforts that they fail. The story of the *Conquistadores* in Central and South America is the supreme case in point. What other people, argues Menéndez Pidal, could have done what the Spaniards did? And I think, in the historical context, that his implied judgment is correct.

> The Spaniards [he writes] needed no more than the short space of fifty years to discover the lands and oceans forming an entire hemi-

> sphere of our planet; to explore, subdue and civilize immense territories, subjecting thousands of tribes and vast barbarian empires. Any other people would have needed five centuries, for they would have found it necessary to plan out their enterprises so as to reduce to a minimum the discomforts and unfavourable contingencies.

In this analysis are discussed the centripetal and centrifugal movements that have played so large a part in Spain's development: the local and regional spirit: the clash between what Menéndez Pidal speaks of as "the two Spains," the older, traditional Spain, with its memories of Spanish greatness in the past, and the newer, less religious and less Catholic, which looks for guidance outside of its own land. He regrets the bitterness that has characterized this conflict of ideas and ideals and insists that the one, true and abiding Spain can be discovered underneath and despite this tension. Though himself modern and an eminent scholar, he has deep sympathies with traditional Spain and does not echo the statement of Menéndez Pelayo, in some ways his master, that men must cast away "those old-fashioned declamatory history books with their everlasting commonplaces about Pavia, San Quintín and Lepanto; they serve only to lull us to sleep and fill us with foolish vanity."

This analysis of Spanish temperament is preceded by a long essay on the work of Menéndez Pidal by Professor Walter Starkie, Director of the Instituto Británico of Madrid. It is a charming appreciation. Indeed, it is more than an appreciation for it succeeds in being a study of Spanish literature, designed to trace the influence of the *Romancero*, of the old Spanish epics and ballads, on subsequent literature, in the works, for instance, of Cervantes, Calderón and Lope de Vega. Be it mentioned, in passing, that Professor Starkie, during his nine years in Spain as head of the British Institutes, has rendered great services to the cause of Anglo-Spanish understanding. I feel too that Professor Starkie thoroughly enjoyed writing this prefatory essay. In it he has a good deal to say about *Poesîa Juglaresca*; those who recall his Raggle-Taggle volumes will recognize in him the true spirit of the *juglares*.

Sacheverell Sitwell's study of *Spain* is charmingly written and more than charmingly illustrated. The volume does credit to Batsford, its publishers, whose standard of production in these descriptive books is already so very high. The plates are admirably chosen and representative.

The book says nothing of political or social problems; it narrates, describes and illustrates, and it does this with a careful choice of theme and detail. It is no guide book but the composite impression of several visits to Spain, with a background of appreciation for Spanish art and architecture. As one would expect, Mr. Sitwell is sensitive to atmo-

sphere, keenly aware of colour, and very delicately he evokes the undertones of history. The book is a most pleasing souvenir of Spain.

JOHN MURRAY

THE CISTERCIAN VOCATION

The Waters of Silence, by Thomas Merton (Hollis and Carter 15s). *Burnt Out Incense*, by M. Raymond (Clonmore and Reynolds 15s).

UNLIKE his earlier books, Thomas Merton's latest contains no personal history. It is a straightforward account of the Cistercian Order, from its foundation and early vicissitudes to its career in the U.S.A. during the past hundred and fifty years. Though fairly adequate as an introduction, the first three chapters contain nothing that cannot be found, better and more fully expressed, in various monachist authorities, French and English. The portrait of that great but odious figure, Rancé, is somewhat ambiguous; and it seems a pity to have passed over the eighteenth-century history of the Order in silence. Moreover, the author is at pains to recommend the Cistercian Rule as being the "Rule of St. Benedict in all its purity," and this leads him into some distortion of the facts. St. Benedict himself stated that he intended to "establish a School of God's Service, in which we hope we shall establish nothing harsh, nothing burdensome (*nihil asperum, nihil grave*)." Commenting on this, Dom Cuthbert Butler observes that "Benedictine life is not, and is not intended to be, what is called a 'penitential life'." It is evident that for St. Bernard this was not enough, and that the increased strictness of the Cistercian Rule reflects his desire to introduce a penitential character into an Order which he considered insufficiently rigorous. Thomas Merton insists that the Cistercian ideal is "open to everybody. It is a way of perfection from which no one is excluded. *No special vocation*, no abnormal spiritual equipment, is required" (italics mine). The ordinary reader who turns to the appendix giving in tabular form the daily life of a Cistercian monk to-day will, I think, be inclined to raise his eyebrows at so bland an assertion. If words mean anything, the claim that monastic life (even of the mildest) requires no special vocation, is quite clearly untrue.

But Thomas Merton's chief aim is to tell the story of the Order in the U.S.A., and here he is much more successful. After the diaspora entailed by the French Revolution, the Trappists took some time to establish themselves elsewhere. Some found a temporary refuge at Lulworth, under the aegis of the Weld family. The author alleges that the monks were "forced to leave" this place about 1827. Forced by

whom? There was no law in England at that time by which they could have been expelled. Be that as it may, no satisfactory home, on a large scale, was found for the Order until, in 1848, a colony from the abbey of Melleray left France for America under the leadership of a forceful little monk called (by a pleasing quirk of the *Zeitgeist*) Father Eutropius Proust, and established in Kentucky the abbey of Gethsemani, of which Thomas Merton himself is an inmate. The account of this foundation, and of the subsequent expansion of the Order throughout the U.S.A., makes very lively reading. To those who are especially interested in Gethsemani itself Father Raymond's more detailed, but somewhat garrulous book may be tentatively recommended.

Readers who agree with me in thinking that Thomas Merton is at his best when dealing directly with the contemplative life, will appreciate particularly his final chapter. *Paradisus claustralis* describes the framework, as it were, on which the spiritual progress of a monk must be built. It is a worthy conclusion to a book which, although not without faults, is distinguished by intelligence and fervour.

EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST

DISCIPLES OF MOSES AND CHRIST

Galen on Jews and Christians, by R. Walzer (Oxford University Press 10s 6d).

The Jewish People and Jesus Christ, by Jakob Jocz (S.P.C.K. 21s).

WHILE the striking testimony of Galen to the moral rectitude of the Christians (whom he knew) has been discussed for more than two centuries, it is a sign of the fragmentation of present-day learning that three other remarks by Galen on the disciples of Moses and Christ and two on the Jews have been lying about unused but available in printed books for at least sixty years. Dr. Walzer has made his monograph, which is a careful edition of all six fragments, out of this fact, relying upon his competence in Arabic and his knowledge of that shadow-kingdom of Eastern learning wherein Greek wisdom was distilled before being given once again to the West in Arabic translations. The second century is so little documented that even a small addition to our knowledge of Christianity during it is of great value. The one danger is that too much will be made of enigmatic scraps of information, and to this temptation Dr. Walzer has succumbed. He constructs a plot to give coherence to his fragments, a plot which is not really substantiated by the evidence. Some heretics, led by one Theodotus a tanner, denied the godhead of Christ and fraternized with Greek philosophy, going so far as almost to worship

Galen. Dr. Walzer uses this fact to throw light on his fragments, suggesting that the Greek philosophy and textual criticism which these Christians learnt from Galen led to energetic counter measures by "Victor, the somewhat authoritarian bishop of Rome". This is all very confusing and confused, since in reality the authority which tells us that Victor excommunicated Theodotus the tanner (for saying that Christ was a mere man) tells us also that the pupils of Theodotus, who were inclined to pay excessive homage to Galen, also slandered Pope Victor by claiming that he was of their way of thinking. It would be indeed surprising if a Pope in 180–190 had forbidden Christians to have any truck with philosophers when in his own city of Rome, just before that decade began, a Christian philosopher, Athenagoras of Athens, had presented his *Apology* to the emperors.

There was no chance, in the last decades of the second century, of a straight fight between Christianity and pagan culture. The counterblast against the classics which Tatian produced as his farewell to Rome and to orthodox Christianity when he returned to the East in 172 would have surprised and shocked his master Justin. At the same time, this Tatian was busying himself with the "correction" of the text of St. Paul, removing grammatical faults and soothing the hiccups of Paul's style. This game of textual criticism was no novelty, then, in the days of Pope Victor or of his successor Zephyrinus, when the disciples of Theodotus were at work. There is no evidence at all to show that they learnt this game from Galen's work upon the text of Plato. The situation was much more complex than Dr. Walzer has realized, and his attempt to place his new texts in their complicated surroundings cannot be judged successful.

When Galen speaks of "the disciples of Moses and Christ" he seems not to distinguish between Christians and Jews, as if implying that Christianity was somehow a prolongation of Judaism. It is so, of course, but with a difference, and it is the difference which is better known at the present day than the prolongation. Dr. Jocz has undertaken to provide an exhaustive study of Jewish-Christian relations, in full detail for the time of Christ and the days of the Jewish-Christian church, and in broad outline for later times. One quarter of his book is taken up with notes and bibliography, and though he is somewhat inclined to give too much importance to the faded authorities of yester-year, he has, from ministering as an Anglican to Christian Jews, a very extensive acquaintance with both sides of his subject.

One is surprised to see repeated here the mistake which was made by Dr. Parkes some years ago of assuming (for he gave no proof) that the initiative was taken by the Christians against the Jews. Anti-Semitism is said to be due to Christian theology. This mistaken conclusion is reached by post-dating the evidence given by Justin and

others for the fact that soon after the Resurrection (and certainly before the destruction of the Temple) the Jews sent their emissaries through the Diaspora with calumnies against the Christians. Parkes misread this evidence and put this propaganda offensive at the end of the first century, saying: "It is natural to assume that the initiative in the development which took place was due to the Christians. When they denounced, the Jews reacted." Dr. Jocz bids fair to establish a chain of error in Christian history by using too lightly these untested statements. His treatment of the vexed question of forcible baptism is no better. He has no word of the action taken by the Byzantine emperor Heraclius, who at the recapture of Jerusalem in 634 took this kind of vengeance on the Jews who had aided his Persian foes, and who urged the same course upon his brother kings in the West. If the relations of Church and Synagogue are to be discussed dispassionately, more careful use of sources is required than is here shown.

When he comes to make the attempt to show that Catholic theology necessarily involved the Church in persecution of the Jews, Dr. Jocz betrays a much less sure touch. "Men like Vincent of Beauvais and John Duns Scotus," he writes, "vehemently defended the practice of enforced baptism." Had he taken care to look for the evidence that this statement, taken from a second-hand authority, was true, he would have found nothing like it in the writings of the *Doctor subtilis*, who does (*Opus Ox.* IV, dist 4, qq. 4 and 9) argue the question, asking first whether an enforced baptism is valid or must be repeated if the subject later desires to adopt Christianity of his own accord. His answer is given with his usual subtlety, but his main principle is clear enough that baptism must be voluntary, and he quotes in this sense the words of Scripture: My son, give me thy heart. Dr. Jocz has gathered his sheaves in many fields, but he has left to his readers the work of trituration, with no guarantee that the wheat will make a greater pile than the chaff.

J. H. CREHAN

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